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The Colour Festival

Artist—V. K. Rao.

Where The Heart Of The Nation Throbs

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OUR SHORT STORY

Behind The Prison Bars

BY NIRMAL JACOB

Behind the bars it was almost dark. Night was still far off but the sun was steadily sailing down the western sky and the small grating window high up in the wall could no longer give us sufficient light. In the faint light that came through I could see the gleam of wet cheeks and tears glistening in every eye. The little group—they were five—were gathered around me to bid me good-bye at the end of my short term of imprisonment. They were already there when I joined them six months ago, and the ends of their various terms were still far off.

It was my last night with them, for in the morning I would be free. A strong bond of affection had bound us together, an emotion, the like of which is rarely known out side. We had so many things in common. Above all our crime was the same, fundamentally at least. We all loved our motherland, and yearned for her freedom. And each of us had, at different times in our lives, given vent to our patriotism, some in words some in actions, and all of us had invariably run against the country's laws.....

We sang a few songs together, songs that poured out from the depths of our hearts, for they brought up again before our minds in all its poignancy the shame and the humiliation of the bondage of our country; the ignorance and the squalor of millions of her sons and daughters: the disease and the perpetual famine that walked the length and breadth of our land like ugly phantoms, the harbingers of misery and death.

Our leaders were behind the prison bars. The youth of our country lay rotting in dungeons preferring to carve out their careers in the gloom of the Imperialist's gaols rather than bend their heads to the foreigners' Yoke.....

Our hearts throbbed with countless emotions and tears flowed from our eyes in torrential streams.

The clock struck midnight when we at last broke up and prepared to sleep.

I lay on the hard bed, wishing that the enfolding arms of sleep would relieve me of the agony of my mind....

In the darkness I felt some one moving up to my corner and a low voice called me by my name.

"Is it you, Bhargav?" I asked softly.

"Yes, it is me, Benjamin" came the reply.

He came and sat on the bed beside me.

Bhargav. We all loved him and respected him. His gentle ways and his sweet manners. his soft words and the kindly smile—they would attract anybody. He dwelt, in a world of his own, and rarely he came out of it. And when he did, Oh, what a lovable companion he was!

He was about twenty-five and they said he came in about six years ago: that he was serving a very long term for some act of terrorism. I used to wonder how Bhargav could ever have been a terrorist. Any way I was sure, he was not one now, not, even in his thought.

"So, you are going to be free!" he spoke in soft tones.

I didn't reply. I got up and put my arm around him.

"Benjamin, when you are free, don't forget the unfortunates who are still within."

"No", I said, "Never."

"There is only one thing, Benjamin" his words came in sighing accents, "that has carried me on all through these long years within these walls. And that is the only thought that gives me the hope and the courage to face the years that still be ahead. I came in when I was nineteen...just a mere lad! Six years have gone by now....And the end is still far, far away."

He paused and wiped his eyes with the end of his striped convict's jacket. Then he added slowly "It is the knowledge of a woman's love!"

He paused again. I sat silent holding him close against me. I could hear the throb of his heart..... Oh, how rapidly it beat! Like the gallop of a runaway horse...

His voice faltered as he resumed.....

"We were neighbours. As children we played together making mud cakes. When the rains came and filled the gutters with dirty rushing waters we made paper boats and set them sailing down those streams and laughed and danced in sheer delight.....We went to school together and I thrashed anyone who teased or quarrelled with Asha. I think most of the boys at the school had a taste of my fists. For Asha was a beauty, a sweet, lovable girl and everybody wished to be friends with her. But she wouldn't care for anyone but me and so the boys envied me. Asha was very poor. Her father was a petty clerk in some petty firm, but my father was well to do....

"Our friendship continued and it grew with years. Later I joined the high school and afterwards went away to the college. Due to pecuniary difficulties, Asha couldn't continue at the school for long. But we used to correspond secretly. Oh, how loving and sweet her letters were! We both eagerly waited for the end of my degree course. Then, I could get a job, and we would marry and live happily ever after, as the story books say.

"Yes, there was some difference in our castes but we didn't care....why should we, when we loved each other so much?

"Well. Then it happened. There was an unexpected police raid in the lodge where I stayed. Some explosives were discovered and a "conspiracy" was unearthed!....And I was one of the three arrested. I couldn't believe it at first..I knew of course that the other two who were staying with me were extremists. But I was never in their confidence, and I was innocent of the crime I was charged with. But I loved my country, and that was enough evidence.

"Asha came to the gaol and I remember her standing there, clinging to the bars of the door, weeping weeping.....It was so difficult to console her!....

"Then I was sentenced....she came to the court but they didn't allow her to meet me....However I had a glimpse of her when I was being taken away. Her eyes were red with weeping....Her face was swollen....and she was sobbing, sobbing.....

"Ever since her letter have come, one every week....They are smuggled in of course....She is still waiting for me, still waiting...waiting....! Several times I have written to her, appealing to her to forget me and to marry somebody else...How long can a woman wait? She has waited for six years now...and how many more years have to go by before I shall be a free man? And when at the end of my long term I am set at liberty, how could I fit into a world which would be completely strang. to me....would I be able to be to he what a man, should be to so devoted and loving a wife?.....

"But she writes back saying tha she loves me....that her love will never wane....that she would wait for me till the end of time....

"I wish she would marry and settle down instead of waiting for an uncertain future....who knows what might be in store for us then...But Benjamin, her letters are the only source of comfort and strength to me...And when I am despondent and miserable, her words, the knowledge of a woman's pure, devoted selfless love.... it lifts me up from the morass, and inspires me!

"But I shouldn't be selfish.....I shouldn't sacrifice a woman for my sake...I want you, Benjamin to go to her, as soon as you can, and plead with her to forget me....Tell her I said this with tears in my eyes...Oh, Benjamin..."

He broke down completely and clinging to me wept like a little child.

* * *

The first thing I did as soon as I was released was to rush to the address Benjamin had given me....It was in a small town about a hundred miles away from the place of our imprisonment. I reached there a little before sunset....

The address was that of a mutual friend who passed on the letters between the lovers. She was an elderly lady. I told her that I came from Bhargav, that I wished to meet Asha, since I had a personal message for her from him. She said she would send word to Asha.....

Imagine my surprise when a lovely girl, well advanced in the family way was introduced to me as Asha!

"Asha', "said the lady when she arrived. "This is one Mr. Banjamin. He has been in gaol for six months, staying in the same cell with Bhargav. Bhargav has sent some message for you..."

She then retired, leaving us alone together.

I sat there dazed, unable to understand anything, was this Asha of whose selfless, devoted love Bhargav was telling me only last night?....I couldn't find words....I just remained there, dumb, stolid....

"How is Bhargav? Is he all right? ...."she asked eagerly. I grunted a reply.

Then suddenly she broke into sobs loud, heartrending paroxysms of sobs....

I couldn't say anything..I didn't know what to say....Then she lifted her head and turned her eyes towards mine.

"You hate me, don't you?" she asked between her sobs.

"I don't know," I said deliberately.

"Tell me, you hate me," she said savagely "tell me again and again that you hate me...."

She buried her face between her hands.

At last she calmed down, and composed herself.

"I already know the message", she said softly, "that Bhargav has sent by you....He wants me to forget him and marry somebody else.... That has been the burden of all his letters.....I have obeyed the second part of his bidding....You see, I am going to be a mother soon. But.. but I can't forget him. Because I love him....I love him more than ever.

"Then", I said with bitterness, "Why did you marry at all? Why all those pages of deliberate lies you have been sending him every week all these years telling him that you are waiting for him? That you would wait till Eternity for him? Why this hypocrisy and this shame? And Bhargav has been believing every word of it all....And how could you deceive such a man.... a man the like of whom you don't come across in a million....?"

She looked at me steadily in the eyes." "Tell me", she said "Tell me, if you were born a woman, in a Hindu family of very poor means.. and if you come of age, how long would you wait? I waited for years .... I put off my marriage as farther as I could with tears and pleadings....But how long could I wait? Bhargav was still in prison, and how many suns would rise and set before he would be declared free?

No, I was not anxious to marry.. But I had only two alternatives when my parents died and I came under the guardianship of my uncle. Either to marry the man he chose for me.... or to put an end to my life. I preferred the latter. But..... but if I had done that Bhargav would not be living to-day. I know that the one thing that carries him on in that horrible place is my letters that are smuggled to him and they carry within their pages my love for him. I love him.... God knows I love him...I am living only for his sake....I want him to live through, despite the miserable conditions surrounding him. He is so sensitive.... Small things depress him so much.... But for the knowledge of my love, he would have been dead long ago. I want him to live. The world will be benefited by him... Oh, he is a great soul...."

"What, when he comes out and knows the truth?" I asked weakly.

"Well, sometimes I think of that .... But that will happen only years later.... Why bother about the distant future.... When, when my anxiety is to save him now.... at the present?"

Tears welled up in her eyes and came down in two placid silent rivulets.

"I love him," she whispered, looking vacantly before her, "I live only for him....Only for him....and God is my witness!"

A soft moaning music came floating to us from the distant temple and a little child in the neighbouring house set a persistent wail for the mother....

"I have just finished writing this week's letter to him", she spoke, a bitter smile conforting her cherubic face. "You may read the last sentence."

I read it: "Dearest, I am waiting for you, and I shall wait for you, for ever and for ever....."

When lying becomes the duty of love and deception by a woman the only hope a condemned man can cling to ...

LAW AND LIFE

By JARVIM

Viceregal Trains, Dreams And Boots!

The recent decision of the Privy Council holding the Special Criminal Courts Ordinance valid recalls to our mind the interesting exchange of courtesies between Mr. Justice Sen of the Calcutta High Court and Mr. Justice Rowland, then an Acting Judge of the Federal Court, drawn from the I.C.S. that arose out of the same case at an earlier stage. Mr. Justice Sen had pronounced the Special Courts Ordinance invalid on one more ground than that on which his colleagues on the Bench had relied. He held that the fact that the Ordinance was left to be brought into force by the Provincial Governments if and when they were satisfied of the existence of an emergency, showed on the face of it that no emergency such as was necessary to justify the Ordinance, had in the opinion of the Governor General already come into existence. On appeal to the Federal Court, the majority of Bench having decided on the invalidity of the Ordinance on other grounds, did not deal with this point of Mr. Justice Sen. But Mr. Justice Rowland who dissented seems to have become really indignant over this view of Mr. Justice Sen, and delivered himself in the following picturesque terms:—

"Especially significant, I think, is the fact that Ordinance II (Special Courts Ordinance) and Ordinance III of 1943 were made and promulgated on the same day. How can the Governor General in one day both judge that an emergency exists and that it does not exist? Can we presume to impute to the Governor General a weak and vacillating temper? Are we to fancy His Excellency sitting in his Special Train, the hum of the wheels singing in his ears the refrain 'Emergency, Emergency, Emergency, Emergency.' The train jogs over points, the rhythm changes to 'No Emergency yet, no Emergency yet.' Then his Excellency makes Ordinance II. The wheels resume their old tune 'Emergency, Emergency, Emergency' and His Excellency makes Ordinance III. I am not speaking in a spirit of levity. I am very much in earnest but so strong is my dissent from the line of argument I am examining that without some safety-valve I could hardly restrain myself from commenting on it with undue warmth."

He then went on to make a personal attack on Mr. Justice Sen which, we think, was quite unwarranted:—

"Do I dream? Am I in Wonderland? Have we met in the person of the learned Judge, what Lord Atkin might call a new Humpty Dumpty? .....For it seems to me that the boot is on the other foot. It is the preamble and not the section which contains a clear statement."

A month later it fell to Mr. Justice Sen to consider the above judgment in another case dealing with the Special Criminal Courts (Repeal) Ordinance and he seized the opportunity to give a crushing retort which in our opinion, Mr. Justice Rowland's judgment called for Mr. Justice Sen said,

"I believe there is a sound rule that metaphors like strong drinks should never be mixed. Such mixtures lead only to confused thinking. I must confess that the mixture of Viceregal trains, dreams and boots is too potent for my assimilation. Is it my judgment that is solely responsible for making his Lordship feel once like an over-heated locomotive with an inadequate safety-valve drawing the Viceregal Special train and then like innocent Alice wondering at things she cannot understand. I may have thought it was, were it not for the fact that the other two learned Judges, who

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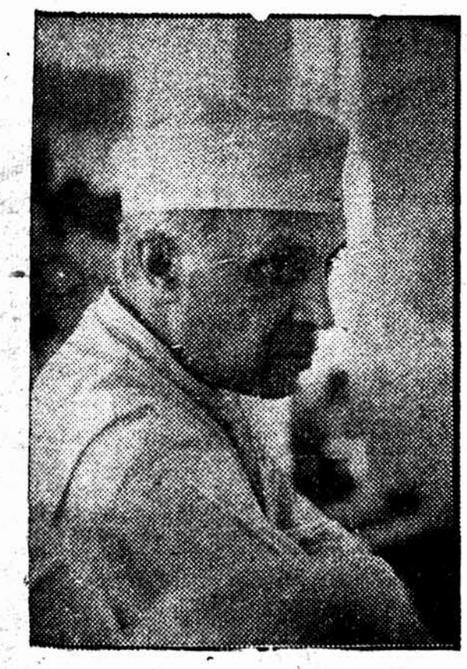

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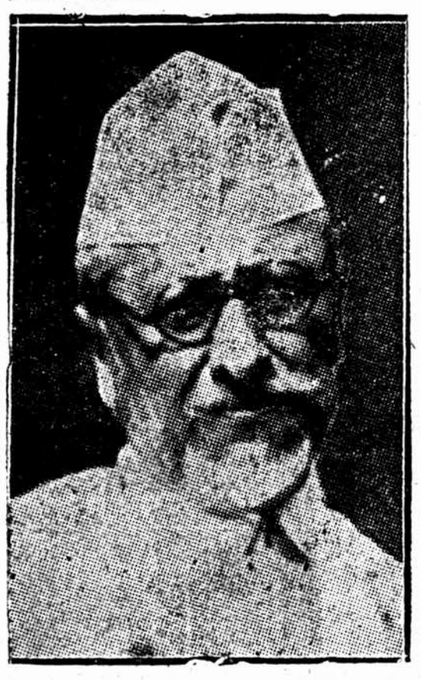

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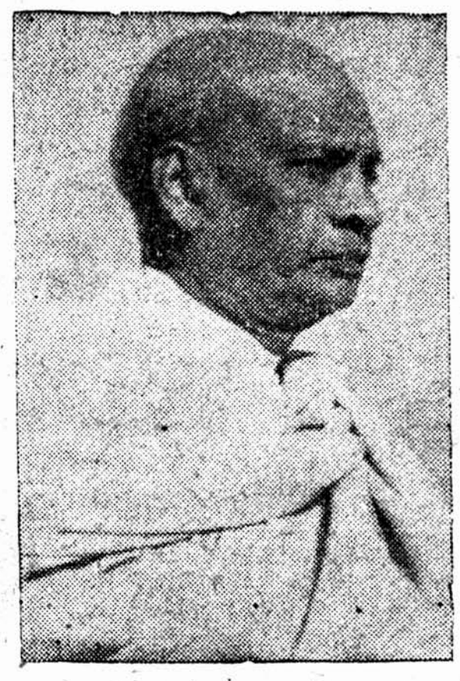

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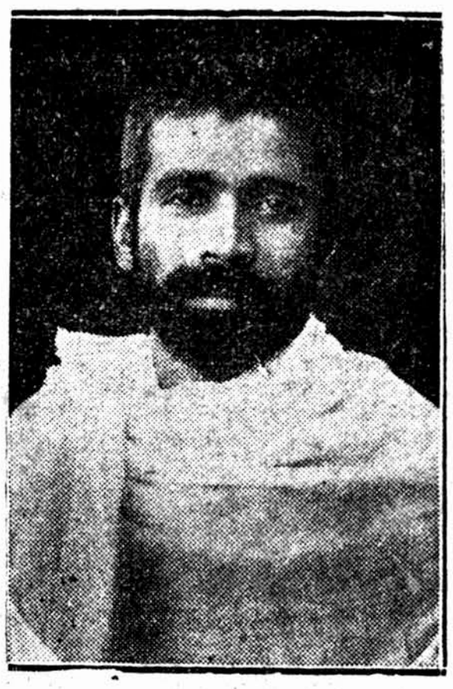

SHANKERRAO DEO

Where They Are....There The Heart Of The Nation Throbs!

A PILGRIMAGE TO AHMEDNAGAR FORT

By PREMA KANTAK

The sky was ablaze with the morning sun. Nature's wealth encircled the earth with patches of green. Planted on the roadside were big trees, mother earth's embracing hands which seemed to be becoming to us to the gray walls of the magnificent fort of Ahmednagar that rose in front of us!

We four pilgrims were walking on the silent road that led to the Fort from the town. It was the fourth day of this month. Curiously enough last time I visited Ahmednagar while on my tour in the province of Maharashtra, was on the 3rd too and the very next morning I got up early to pay a visit to the Fort that held in its heart the life-veins of our country. It was a holy pilgrimage for me! My companion, who led the way, laughed at my 'womanly sentiments' as he chose to term them; however he accompanied me and made the 'pradakshina' complete round the Fort, if only to humour me. After eight months I visited Ahmednagar on the third of this month and again I begged my host, this time Sjt. Garud, to accompany me to the Fort, next morning. He assented and we darted off. Sjt. Govindrao Deshpande of Nasik (who had arrived the night before) and Sjt. Bhagwat, my last time companion, also, accompanied us and we approached the big Fort that rises in the sky with full majesty and grandeur!

There the Fort stood, the old historic fort, the pride of Maharashtra the living record of Sultana Chand's valour and patriotism and now the proud keeper of the Land's Leaders in its stony bosom! Everywhere was quiet but for the rumbling of cart and carriage wheels by the roadside and the distant horns of military motor-vans. Through the green foliage in front of the fort rose a few house-tops. I cast a full glance at the fort with a sense of something unsatisfied which my heart then felt. That stone and brick and mortar structure in front of me shut from my eyes the glorious sight of our great men, whose inspiration sent forth vibrations in millions of bosoms. Just to think of the sky without the lustrous stars or the garden deprived of its flowers!

The fort is encircled by a ditch. At one time it must have been filled with water but now it is dry—dry like the eyes of the mother who has no more fears to shed over the long abiding and never-ending miseries of her children but the ditch is full of trees tall and small, shrubs and grass and appears like the shadow of divine sadness on the forehead of the brooding Mother earth. We crossed a small bridge and approached the big gate which is securely closed. The ancient door is studded with piercing spearheads that appear cruel and wicked. A Muslim devotee was standing in front of the gate muttering some prayer. As we approached his prayer was over and he spoke to us. "There is an old 'durgah' inside the gate", he said and began relating some romantic ancient tale of the hunt and the hunter! The same story with some slight difference I had read in connection with the history of Vijayanagar! He left us presently.

"Let us start the round; left hand side please"; I said. Sjt. Bagawat reminded me of my last time's visit and began narrating the whole story to my companions in a jocular mood. "Last time she would not be satisfied with the mere sight of the Fort but insisted on going round it as well, as if it were a holy temple!—wouldn't even tolerate to take a free round but tried to keep close to the rampart as far as possible. I call this womanly. No man would like to be so sentimental as that".. and so on. I could well appreciate his manly pride but how could I help the secret sense of reverence and loyalty in my heart for the high and hidden ones inside the Fort? How enthusiastically I had narrated the whole incident—my last visit to the memorable place—in glowing terms to Mahatmaji after his release' And how could I forget his equally enthusiastically radiant face as he smilingly listened to the story of my exploits, the description of the place where his near and dear ones are interned?

The burning lamp of pain in his loving heart is consuming the oil of his life slowly. The burden of the Congress-responsibility is crushing his frail shoulders. Those whose mighty shoulders would have borne the burden easily and merrily are haughtily and cruelly denied to him and the writer is witness to the alas, so far from them too! God is pleased to honour us with pain and we will bear it bravely.

We resumed the round. A row of big Banyan trees adorned the left-side path and streams of the morning light pierced through their dense foliage. There was a vast plain beyond the trees, the play-ground of the members of the adjoining European Gymkhana. "That's the place where Arthur Wellesley breakfasted after the fort was captured", said my host pointing to a certain spot, "A memorial is erected to celebrate the incident!" The moon looked pale in the vast blue above, the dropping of worn out leaves from the trees caused a soft murmer in the air and I felt the rhythmic throb of the soul life of the nature around in my own soul. The hush of the quiet morning was broken sometimes by the resounding echo sent over by the huge and strong walls of the fort to the distant noise of the motor-cars. Otherwise the supreme spirit that

> **Miss Prema Kantak needs no introduction to public workers all over India. In this article she writes, with great feeling and sincerity, of her visits to Ahmednagar Fort, where the members of the Congress Working Committee are locked up without trial for the last 28 months. Many of our readers will agree with her that the Fort, which is already famous in history, "must now become a place of pilgrimage for every freedom-loving Indian!"**

constant memory that has flooded his mind with their thoughts.

We walked on. The morning sky was full of wonders. The clouds were passing away like dreams. What speechless secrets they must be carrying in their bosom when they passed over the lofty walls of the fort and must have looked down on the inside? My mind was trying to seek some words from the wind as it brought sounds and silence from the unfathomable by my side. We approached the new gate. It is a double-door sort of thing. A crowd of labourers was sitting in the front at some distance. Last time I visited the fort, there were white soldiers passing to and fro from the gate. This time the soldiers were Indian. I looked inside the gate as far as eyes could see. Trees and bamboo-structure in a row were in sight.

"Where are they?" I cried.

"Oh! They are somewhere on the right-hand side, far behind the front ramparts," replied one of my companions. "Do you see the high roof there at the distance? It is there that they are kept." None uttered the names but symbolism was only too significant.

I was deeply conscious of some sense of humiliation and mortification. There we stood before the open gate, looking longingly at the inside with heavy hearts, with a feeling of helplessness creeping in our minds. We were so near our great men and filled the whole atmosphere seemed to be in wonderful rest and silence.

Suddenly a herd of lovely deer darted forth from among the bushes in the ditch!

"There go the deer nurtured and fostered by Sjt. Shankarrao Deo" remarked Sjt. Garud smilingly.

"Get in, leap over the rampart," I cried to the deer. But these wild freedom-loving creatures heeded not and calmly kept on grazing. They looked so poetic, beautiful and innocent! There was a black antelope that carried himself with such manly dignity that my companion admired him very much. My memory flew back. Years ago Shankarraoji had fostered a lovely deer in his bungalow at Poona. He named it 'Shuchi' and was never tired of making a display of his pet to all and everybody around and literally doted upon it. For him she was a symbol of ancient Aryan civilisation. But as fate would have it, she met with an accident and passed away leaving him almost bereaved.

There were big honeycombs all over the rampart, honeycombs full of honey guarded by the ever jealous bees. It looked so significant! Likewise the honey of our national life rests inside, guarded by the jealous hands of a foreign government.

A big crowd of green parrots shooted from the fort. Did they bring any message from inside? Parrots can imitate human speech but why should the free birds worry about the pains and perils of bound humanity? They had free advent wherever they wished to go. That was sufficient.

There are 'babul' trees scattered all over the surrounding ground. Sometimes we had to wend our way cautiously. It is not an oft-trodden path. I wonder why it is so. Indeed our countrymen must develop a craze for the place, which inspires sacred emotions in the mind of the visitor for has not the place become a sort of sanctuary for all of us, now that our eminent leaders are living their boundless life there, our beloved leaders peerless in their greatness, pure and noble souls, God's great gifts to this fortunate land of ours, men round whom the whole nation's love, hope and aspirations are centred! In the vicinity of the fort one feels the spiritual kinship between oneself and the Great within! Every cool breeze in the air seems to be saturated with their touch! Every music in the air seems to bring out their message! In the deep shadows of the silent walls their farms seem to rise, rise for above the earth that has become the battle scene of rise and fall of nations,—high in the sky and give a message of cheer and hope to the drooping hearts full of despair! They smile sunshine upon the nation's winter days and the visitor's heart does not doubt that spring flowers are in store for the future! Such is the dynamic surrounding of the fort, which must become a place of pilgrimage for every freedom-loving Indian!

The round came to a close. I again stood in front of the big closed gate and had a full view. The atmosphere was very catching the message again came floating from within. A strange sensation! The coolness of the autumn morning and the soft melody of the birds, with the background of peaceful silence from within spoke in a strange language to me. The mighty hand of a foreign tyrant has tried to suppress the call. Nevertheless it has the same abiding influence on the life of every one of us as it had when they were out. We all are very proud of our great heroes, whose fame has remained bright and untarnished, whose message has become universal, who are ever in touch with the more permanent values of life like Death and Love! They have allowed themselves to be buried alive and it is all of our sake, to bring wealth and happiness in our life. We admire and honour them and love them and remember them every moment.

The beautiful parting moment came! My heart rose in salutation! Like a homesick bird I cast a fervent glance at the fort and retreated back with my companions.

War Correspondent Who Hates War And Fears Death!

THE STORY OF ERNIE PYLE AND HOW HE BECAME AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR FRONTLINE REPORTER

(With Acknowledgements to "Time" newsmagazine)

Four years ago he was an obscure roving reporter whose syndicated column of trivial travelogues appeared in an unimpressive total of 40 newspapers. At that time almost any class of war correspondents would have voted him least likely to succeed. Aged 40, small and skinny (5 ft., 8 in., 115 lbs.), perpetually sick or worrying that he was about to be, agonizingly shy, he was completely lacking in the brash and dash of the Richard Harding Davis tradition. He had a great gift of friendship, but it was always an effort for him to meet new people and he especially disliked crowds. Neat in his habits, he hated dirt, disorder and discomfort. Above all, he hated and feared war. Except for a few months of naval R. O.T.C. during World War I, he knew nothing about it. He stood in awe of professional war correspondents and firmly believed himself incompetent to become one.

Yet now, four years later, he is the most popular of them all. His column appears six days a week in 310 newspapers with a total circulation of 12,255,000. Millions of people at home read it avidly, write letters to him, pray for him, telephone their newspapers to ask about his health and safety. Abroad, G. I.s and generals recognize him wherever he goes, seek him out, confide in him. The War Department and the high command in the field, rating him a top morale-builder, scan his column for hits. Fellow citizens and fellow newsmen have heaped honours on him.

"Homesick, Violent, Common Men"

What happened to Ernie Pyle was that the war suddenly made the kind of unimportant small people and small things he was accustomed to write about enormously important. Many a correspondent before him had written of the human side of war, but their stories were usually about the heroes and the exciting moments which briefly punctuate war's infinite boredom. Ernie Pyle did something different. More than anyone else, he has humanized the most complex and mechanized war in history. As John Steinbeck has explained it:

"There are really two wars and they haven't much to do with each other. There is the war of maps and logistics, of campaigns, of ballistics, armies, divisions and regiments—and that is General Marshall's war.

"Then there is the war of homesick, weary, funny, violent, common men who wash their socks in their helmets, complain about the food, whistle at Arab girls, or any girls for that matter, and lug themselves through as dirty a business as the world has ever seen and do it with humour and dignity and courage—and that is Ernie Pyle's war. He knows it as well as anyone and writes about it better than anyone."

One reason that Ernie Pyle has been able to report this little man's war so successfully is that he loves people and, for all his quirks and foibles, is at base a very average little man himself. He understands G. I. hopes and fears and gripes and fun and duty-born courage because he shares them as no exceptionally fearless or exceptionally brilliant man ever could. What chiefly distinguishes him from other average men is the fact that he is a seasoned, expert newsman. His dispatches sound as artless as a letter, but other professionals are not deceived. They know that Ernie Pyle is a great reporter. Young would-be journalists could search far for a better textbook than his life and writings—a profitable study both of skills acquired and handicaps overcome.

When he entered Indiana University in 1919, "Shag" Pyle had not decided much about his career except that he did not want to spend his life "looking at the south end of a horse going north." He signed up for journalism because he had heard it was a snap course. The high spot of his college career was a trip to Japan with the Indiana University baseball team. No athlete, he thumbed his way to the coast, worked his passage across the Pacific as a cabin boy. A few months before he was to graduate, his restlessness grew too much for him. He quit school and went to work for the La Porte, Ind. "Herald-Argus." Four months later he moved on to Washington and a job on the 'News.' There he stayed, except for a brief interlude in New York on the late 'Evening World' and 'Post', until 1935.

"He was a hell of a good copyreader", recalls his friend Lee Miller, who now, as managing editor of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, sometimes refers to himself as "vice president in charge of Ernie Pyle." Editor Lowell Mellett, who still calls Pyle "one of the best desk men anybody ever saw", promoted him to be managing editor in 1932. But other News men in the dingy city room on New York Avenue never dreamed that quiet, competent, friendly Ernie Pyle would ever be famous. "A good man, but not much drive", is the general recollection now.

Ernie himself was never happy at a desk. Despite his shyness, something drove him on to move around, meet new people, see new things, get his facts firsthand. For a while he wrote a successful column of aviation chitchat. In 1935, after a severe attack of influenza, he went to the Southwest to recuperate and wrote a dozen travel pieces about his trip. "They had a sort of Mark Twain quality and they knocked my eyes right out", remembers Scripps-Howard's Editor in Chief George B. ("Deac") Parker. When Ernie proposed that he become a permanent roving reporter, Mellett and Parker agreed.

From Platinum To Molokai

For the next five years, with "That Girl" by his side (small, pert, blond Geraldine Siebolds Pyle was a Government girl when he married her in 1925), Columnist Pyle roved the highways and byways of the Western Hemisphere. He crisscrossed the continent 35 times, wore out three automobiles. He wrote about anything that took his fancy: soap, dogs, doctors, the art of rolling a cigaret, hotel, bellhops, hotel rooms, how to build a picket fence, his troubles with a stuck zipper in his pants. He went to Alaska and wrote about being shaved by a woman barber in the mining camp of Platinum, near the Arctic Circle. He went to Molokai and wrote about the lepers. He flew around South America. And for most of the five years he worried.

He worried about his health ("I claim to have been sick in more hotel rooms than any man on earth"). He worried himself into repeated attacks of nervous indigestion over approaching interviews, finally got so he never made an appointment more than a few hours ahead. He grew moody and morose when some Scripps-Howard papers failed to print his column every day. Time and again he decided that his stuff was no good, that he should have stayed on the farm in Dana.

But at the same time Ernie Pyle, the professional, was shrewd enough to capitalize on most of these same worries. In his column he kidded himself, dramatizing every little frailty, foible and misadventure. Gradually he created a sort of prose Charlie Chaplin, a bewildered little man whose best intentions almost always led to pratfalls. His readers loved it. People who recognised a fellow spirit, people who wanted to mother and protect him, wrote to him by the hundred. By 1940 he probably knew more people at firsthand or by mail than any man, with the possible exception of Jim Farley, in the U. S. And he had become a master of the art of putting people at their ease and drawing them out, observing and remembering the significant detail, and reporting his findings in vivid, folksy, readable language. However little he himself may have suspected it, he was ready now for his great assignment.

Death In A Ditch

Ernie himself was a little slow to recognize the nature of the new assignment. At first he tried to be a more or less conventional war correspondent, covering the news as others did. The change began one day in Africa when the press corps was invited to meet Admiral Darlan. Scripps-Howard cabled him to be sure to attend. He was hurrying across an airfield to the interview when a swarm of Stukas swooped down, began splattering bullets around him. He dived into a ditch just behind a G. I. When the strafing was over he tapped his companion on the shoulder and said, "Whew, that was close, eh?" There was no answer. The soldier was dead.

Pyle sat through the interview in a daze, went back to his tent and brooded for hours. Finally he cabled his New York office that he could not write the Darlan story. Instead he wrote about the stranger who had died in the ditch beside him. For days he talked of giving up and going home. But when the shock wore off, he knew for sure that his job was not with the Generals and their strategems but with the little onetime drugstore cowboys, clerks and mechanics who had no one else to tell their stories.

The G. I.s were slow to reciprocate the Pyle devotion. In the field Ernie, abnormally sensitive to cold, wraps his skinny frame in as many thicknesses of non-descript clothes as he can lay hands on, makes himself look like a ready-made butt for jokes. At first the G. I.s plagued the funny-looking little man unmercifully, "scrounging" (i.e., swiping) his blankets and water, knocking off his helmet to reveal the wad of toilet paper always kept there, ridiculing his passion for orderliness and his perpetual puttering, pouncing on him in howling droves when he modestly retired behind a bush to relieve himself. Then the letters from home began to arrive, mentioning the Pyle column or enclosing clippings of it. Slowly it dawned on the G. I.s that they had acquired a champion, a man who really understood and cared what they—not as regiments or armies but as individual men—were like and were trying to do. Their affection grew as, time and again, they saw Pyle force himself to share their dangers and keep on sharing them, despite the increasing fears that sometimes made him scream in his sleep, despite the fact that he could go home any time he wanted.

And they also learned that, on the human side, he is somewhat less and more than the sort of super-chaplain he appears to be. Old Newspaperman Pyle cusses with the best of troopers, enjoys a good dirty joke, takes a drink when he feels like it. He also loves to sneak up on fellow reporters in the dead of night, scare the daylights out of them with a belch which has been favourably compared with the bark of a French 75. There are probably still some G. I.s who would not give their last cigaret or blanket to Ernie Pyle. But nothing that any G. I. can scrounge from another is too good for him.

How He Works

Columnist Pyle, still genuinely humble yet not unaffected by his new fame, is particularly worried lest the forthcoming Pyle-based movie portray him dashing around with pad and pencil, eagerly asking questions and making notes. Actually, the only notes he ever takes are of the names and addresses which stud his column (occasionally accompanied by such messages as "Corporal Charles Malatesta of Malden, Mass. asks me to tell his wife that he loves her"). His usual practice is to attach himself to one small unit for several days (in last week's columns it was an ack-ack gun crew), and live just as they live, doing no writing at all. When he has learned enough, he goes back to the rear and spins out as many columns as the experience is good for. Sometimes he gets as much as three weeks ahead.

When he writes, he yearns to be alone; the normally easygoing Pyle can be extremely short with tentmates who distract him while he is composing. His homespun, sometimes corny, sometimes eloquent style comes natural to him, but it does not come easy. He writes slowly at best, often rewrites a column three or four times.

The Future Of A Conscience

Last week, after a breather at a Normandy press camp in the rear, Ernie Pyle—who will be 44 on Aug. 3—was preparing to go up to the battle line again. He dreaded it more than ever. To a fellow correspondent he confided: "The thought of it gives me the willies. Instead of getting used to it, I become less used to it as the years go by. With me it seems to have had a cumulative effect. I am much more afraid of a plane overhead now than I was during the London blitz, or even during our early dive-bombing days in Africa. With those four narrow squeaks at Anzio (where a bomb blew in two walls of a room where he was sleeping) coming after a year and a half of sporadic squeaks, I have begun to feel I have about used up my chances."

But to "That Girl" who was waiting for him back in their small white house at Albuquerque, N. Mex. (they were divorced in 1942, remarried by proxy the next year), he wrote: "Of course I am very sick of the war and would like to leave it and yet I know I can't. I've been part of the misery and tragedy of it for so long that I've come to feel a responsibility to it or something. I don't know quite how to put it into words, but I feel if I left it it would be like a soldier deserting."

With the premonition of death that haunts him now, Ernie Pyle is not doing much personal post-war planning. But if he lives to resume his U. S. roving, as both he and his wife hope to do, he will be one man with a future clearly cut out for him. Everywhere he goes he will find old friends of the foxholes, and it will be his job to report to the nation how justly and successfully they are being received back into civilian life, how they feel about the America they have come back to, what they think of the way the people who stayed home are carrying on the fight for lasting peace and freedom which they began.

Thus, in his unique way, he is almost sure to be a sort of national conscience. He may be that even if he is killed in battle. For if Ernie Pyle should die tomorrow, as well he may, it would still be a long time before Americans forgot Ernie Pyle's war.

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Mewar's Colourful Folk Dances

By Dr. Motichand Ph. D.
Curator, Arts Section, Prince Of Wales Museum, Bombay.

The Vidya Bhawan of Udaipur, a centre of a progressive education, has sent a troupe of artistes to Bombay which will give performances of Mewari dances at the Royal Opera House on the 28th and 29th instant.

In this article, Dr. Motichand provides the interesting origin and background of these dances

Mewar, that land of glory, is imbued with picturesqueness which finds expression in its beautiful landscape, rich architecture and the old world costumes and manners of the people. Mewar, as many of us may not be knowing is not only the proud home of the ancient Rajputs but also of the Bhils, a so-called 'primitive' tribe which has preserved some of its costumes and manners, but above all its charming folk-dances which no doubt constitute the best form of aesthetic expression among the primitive races.

Folk-dances when compared with the classical dances with their choreographic perfection, expressive music and stage managed decoration and costumes may appear to some as coarse and vulgar, but it is in that coarseness and vulgarity that the charm of the folk-dance lies. It is the dance of the open air and the natural scenery and the appropriate occasions which these dancers celebrate serve a proper background without which the dances loose much of their quaint charm.

Moreover the purpose of these dances is communal enjoyment in which the members of the community take part without reservation. But to say that these dances are purely sensuous would be neglecting their religious and magical significance. Dances in primitive society are imbued with a sense of sympathetic magic. In the dance of the hunters which precedes the night before the warriors of the tribe take to the forest the movement of the animals and the attack of the hunters are stimulated with an earnestness which is surprising to us. But to them the animals mean food and prosperity and it is the strong belief of the primitive people that the magic of the dance reacts when the actual hunting takes place.

Similar in theme are harvest dances which by simulating various stages in agricultural operations assure prosperity to the community.

Bhils have settled down in the hilly part of Southern Mewar and as common with other 'primitive' people their chief source of amusement is dance and music during festivals. The Holi festival affords an opportune time to the Bhil to indulge in dance and song. It is perhaps the only occasion on which women also participate. The dancers divide themselves in two groups, one made of men and the other of women, and the theme of their dance is plentiful harvest and the greatness of the mountain god, Bhairava who keeps a constant watch over his devotees.

Banjara Dances

The zeal dancing season of the Bhils, however, falls in September-October when they have harvested their annual crop of 'makki' (maize), the mainstay of the Bhils for the whole year After harvest the people are free and with their granaries full at least for the time being their cheerfulness finds expression in the dances. The party of dancers goes from village to village performing Gauri-Natya. This dancing and singing lasts for a month. The visit of Lord Shiva and Parvati to this mundane earth and their adventures among the people form the various episodes of this dance drama.

In the Banjara dance two banjaras or nomad caravaners appear on the scene with a common youthful wife. These nomads indulge in a happy chit-chat with the villagers who ask them to carry the loads of Amba, their goddess. While this is going on suddenly the robbers appears on the scene and hiding themselves in a bush by the roadside ambush the caravan. Through the rhythmic movements of the body, the fight between the banjaras and the robbers is represented. In the end the banjaras are killed The young wife, the witness of this tragic scene, begins lamenting the fate of her husband and so loud are her wailings that Shiva and Parvati who chance to pass-by at that moment stop there. With true womanly compassion Parvati requests her Lord to restore the dead banjaras to life. To this request he at first turns a deaf ear but at the end Parvati's will prevails and the dead banjaras are brought back to life

Gods V. Demons

In the Gauri dance a demon in the form of a lion appears on the scene with the intention of kidnapping Gauri, the spouse of Shiva. This lion is supposed to be the vehicle of Kali and when with great flourish and tremendous show of ferocity it appears on the scene the members of the audience throw up their hands and allow themselves to be slapped by the lion. This is supposed to ward off all diseases and calamities. On the way the lion meets a wild boar and is at once engaged in a struggle in which the boar is killed. In the meanwhile Budia (Lord Shiva) appears in the jungle for a hunt and espies the lion and attacks him. A fight ensues and the lion does not yield till it falls dead. The fights between the lion and boar and Budia and lion afford the opportunity for some of the most vigorous movements of the dances.

In Bhinyavad dance Devi Amba in the form of Kali appears on the scene surrounded by her devotees dancing round her. In the mean while demon Bhinyavad (Bhasmasura) taking a fancy for the goddess wants to secure and marry her forcibly. The devotees try to dissuade him from this foolish act but he does not desist and continues his chase. Suddenly Shiva enraged at the blasphemy comes to the rescue of the goddess. A terrible fight ensues in which the demon loses his life.

In all these dances the Bhils do not wear a colourful costume. Only dhoti, turban and tiny bells complete their make up. The 'Dhol' and gong are the only musical instruments used. But even with these simple equipments the Bhil dancers, with the sheer momentum of their rhythmic vitality, keep the audience thrilled to the last moment. Fighting and hunting have been the two pre-occupations of the Bhils from the time immemorial, and though the modern Bhil cannot indulge in either of the two with impurity his blood still throbs with that ancient vigour of a hunter and a fighter which finds an outlet in the swift and stealthy movements of the hands and feet and terrible contortions of body and grimaces of the face. The Bhils had an ample opportunity in their constant contact with the wild animals to study their behaviour under certain conditions, and with the genius of a born artists they give realistic touches to the action when playing the part of animals.

Grace and rhythm are the characteristics of the Marwari dances.

The warrior and his bride—a striking Marwari dance.

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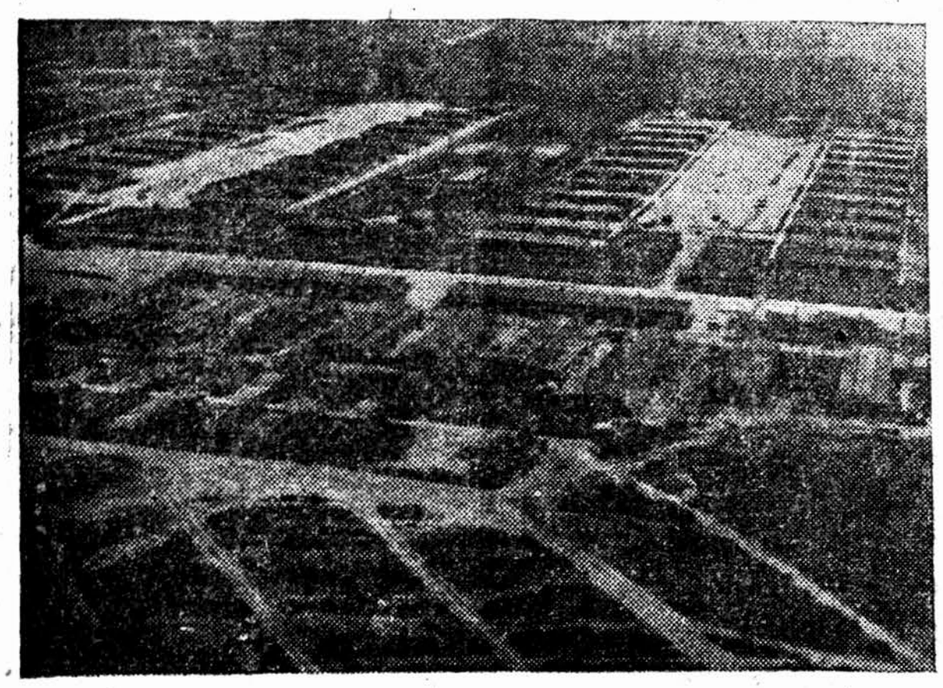
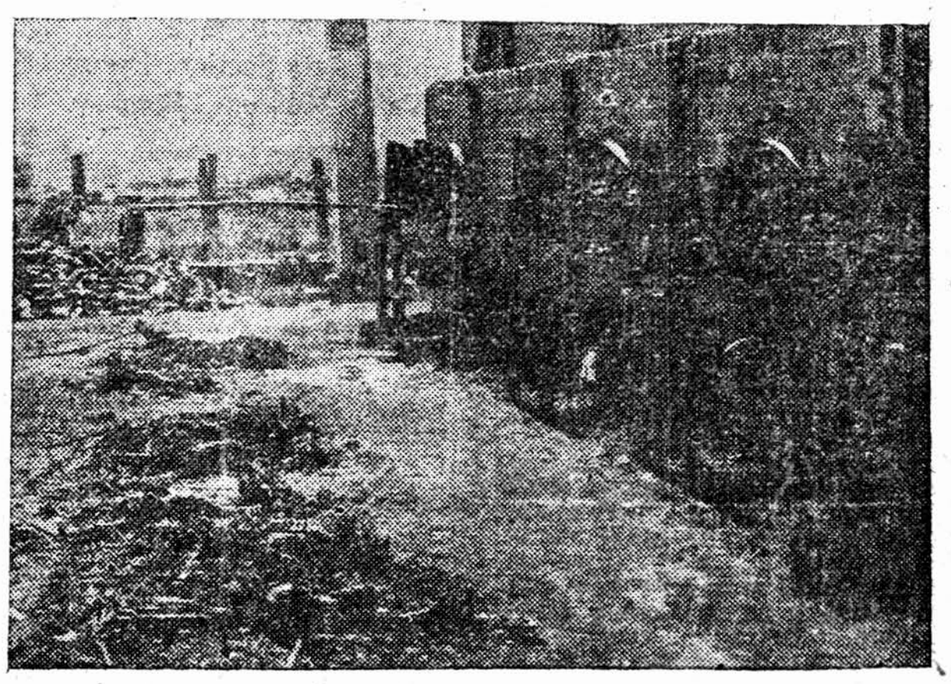
GRUESOME NAZI MASSACRES IN POLAND





Eye-Witness Account

by

Dr. Jerome Davis

The Madainik Prison Camp of the Nazis near Lublin, Poland, is one of the most terrible and gruesome spots in the world. No one could believe the story of suffering, mass murder and torture which went on there unless he had seen it with his own eyes. In some ways it was a murder factory. I know it sounds fantastic, incredible, unbelievable. Unfortunately it is true.

I visited the camp and tramped all over the place. In picture number one you see a general view of this camp. You see the mammoth layout of barracks which housed prisoners brought from all over Europe—men, women and children. Here were Germans, Dutch, French, Belgiuns Italians, Danes, Poles, Russians even two or three Chinese, nearly all of them annihilated. Russian experts estimate that the total number killed was one million five hundred thousand. No one knows whether this total is correct but I myself saw over 900,000 pairs of shoes which had been taken from those who were killed.

Like Department Store

The Germans filled a vast building full of articles taken from the belongings of those who were murdered. It was as big as the largest department store in Bombay. I inspected the entire place. Everything was methodically sorted and classified in the systematic German way. Here was one whole section of a floor devoted to dolls taken away from the children who had been killed. The articles ranged from combs, pocket-books and toilet accessories to silk dresses and suits of clothes.

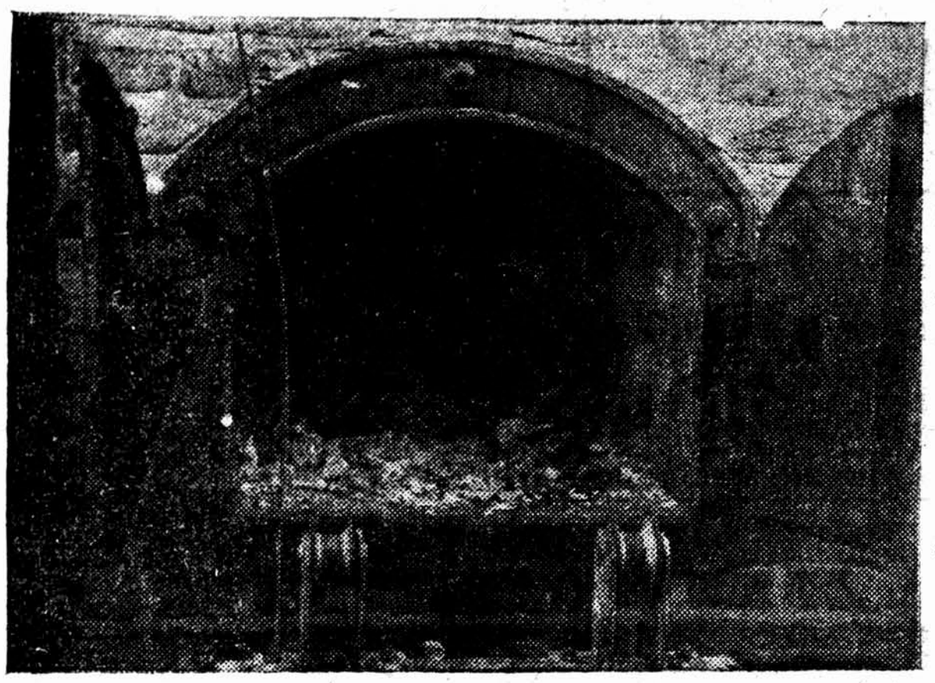
The Germans systematically took the prisoners out and shot them. Those who were taken sick were also killed. They also had gas chambers where the prisoners were killed. In order to hide the traces of these crimes the Germans erected huge furnaces where the bodies were burned. In picture number two you see a general view of this crematory. You see a whole row of fiery furnaces where the bodies were burned to ashes. The ashes were used as fertilizer of the cabbages and other vegetables raised and consumed by the prisoners who were still alive. In picture number three you see a single furnace open with the bones and ashes which remained. The Russians captured this camp so swiftly that some of the bodies had not been completely burned. In picture number four you see skulls and half burned bodies which were removed by the Russians from the furnaces.

Gruesome Memorial

The Russians captured some of the Nazi Safety Corps who worked in this camp who admitted to us the killings which they estimated to run well over a million. Their only justification was that they were ordered to do this by higher up authorities and that if they had not obeyed they themselves would have been killed. Some of these Germans were engaged in saving the clothing, money and precious stones belonging to those who had been killed.

All money, gold, precious stones, etc., were shipped to Berlin. The rest of the articles were classified, pplaced in the huge department store building which I inspected and sent to Germany on order. There were also many passports of those who had been killed which had not yet been destroyed. I copied the names of some from almost every nationality except Americans and I did not find any Indians!

The Poles plan to keep this camp intact as a memorial to the terrible atrocities perpetrated by the Nazi leaders during the World War. The Russians placed the Germans who confessed to their crimes on trial and those convicted were hung.



Science Notes

India Featured In U. S. Political And Social Science Academy Journal

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—An entire issue of 'The Annals' has been devoted to India, showing America's growing interest in India's problems and appreciation of India's achievements. 'The Annals' is the bi-monthly publication of the American Academy of Political and Social Science and is published in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The volume is divided into seven sections and covers the political outlook, cultural background, population problems economic conditions, industry and labour, finance, and trade and transportation of India. The authors of the different sections are Indians who are outstanding in the business, governmental or cultural life of their country.

The Hon. Hirdaya Nath Kunzru writes on the defence of India and points out that within her natural limitations, India has aided the United Nations to the best of her ability. Kunzru is President of the Servants of India Society, whose members are pledged to devote their lives to the service of India. He has been a member of the Council of State since 1936 and a member of the Defence Consultative Committee of the Indian Legislature.

Kunzru says of India's part in the war effort: "Her sons played a gallant part in the battle for Abyssinia.....The Royal Indian Navy has taken part in operations in the Pacific, the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean, and it saw service in the Battle of the Atlantic for several months.....The government ordnance factories have been expanded, the production of high explosives and weapons has been considerably increased and the manufacture of new kinds of explosives started."

Sir Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan, writing on the culture of India, says that it has been marked "by a fundamental loyalty to the truths of spirit and a fine balance of individual desires and social demands." Radhakrishnan is Vice-Chancellor of the Benares Hindu University. He is the only Indian to hold the Fellowship of the British Academy, and in 1940 he was appointed Fellow for life of All Souls' College, Oxford.

SIR C. V. RAMAN WRITES ON IRRIGATION

Sir Chandrasekhara Venkata Raman, winner of the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1930, writes on Indian scientific research. Sir T. Vijayaraghavacharya, who has served as a member of India's Public Service Commission and the Indian Legislative Assembly as well as on most of its important rural and agricultural committees, describes the progress made in development of irrigation in India and of dry farming after the methods used in the United States.

B. K. Madan, director of research of the Reserve Bank of India, in Bombay, writes on trade. He says that "the heavy favourable balance of trade, combined with disbursements of funds in India on a considerable scale on account of war purchases on behalf of His Majesty's and other Allied governments, have led to large accumulations of sterling assets which are mounting every month."—USOWI.

CHIANG TURNS DOWN COMMUNIST OFFER

Red General's Charge Against Generalissimo

Chungking Employs Seven Lakhs Of Troops To Blockade Those Who Fought 49 Per Cent Of Japs!

LONDON, Dec. 23.

The Chinese Communists' proposals for a coalition Government and a united military High Command have been rejected by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, reports the "News Chronicle" correspondent in a despatch published to-day.

YENAN PROPOSALS

The proposals were taken from Yenan to Chungking by the Communist leader, Gen. Chou En Lai. "When Gen. Chou En Lai arrived, Generalissimo Chiang kept him waiting more than a week before he would see him. He then saw him for about half an hour and took a very high-handed attitude," says the correspondent.

Gen. Chou En Lai has now returned to Yenan, and according to the correspondent it is unlikely that he will return to Chungking unless the Generalissimo changes his mind and offers the Communists representation in the Government instead of a token representation without power which is all that has been offered so far.

Before his return to Yenan, Gen. Chou En Lai told the correspondent that the Communist proposal was to organise a Coalition and united High Command immediately. "If we are sufficiently supplied and replenished with needed weapons and ammunition, we can initiate a diversionary offensive not only in Northern China but in Central China," he said. "We are fighting behnd the enemy lines not only in the north but also in Central and Southern China."

Achievement And Reward!

The Communists had now liberated 230,400 square miles "We have liberated more than 90,000,000 of a total of 200,000,000 people in the occupied territories. We have approximately 600,000 regular troops and 2,200,000 people militia." Up to the end of last September the Communists resisted 49 per cent of the Japanese troops in China and 90 per cent of the Nanking troops.

"The total number of Kuomintang troops assigned to blockade and attack our forces in the whole country amounts to 770,000.

"For the past four years we have not received any weapons, ammunition allowances, medical supplies, foodstuffs or clothing from the Kuomintang Government.

"We are willing to co-operate with the United States Britain and other Allied nations if we are given co-operation."—Reuter.

'STOP NOT TILL INDIAN LEADERS ARE RELEASED'

(From Our Correspondent)

LONDON, Dec. 23: After pointing out that the resolution passed by the Labour Party Conference regarding India had not pleased the Labour Ministers though it was a step towards clearing the good name of the Party and making clear to the world that Labour does not agrees with the policy of ruling two-thirds of the population of the British Empire by the same methods that the Nazis used in their attempt to govern occupied Europe, the 'Glasgow Forward' says: Now that the Labour Party Conference has passed this resolution it will be for Labour M.P.s and Labour Cabinet Ministers to carry this demand further and continue to do so until Indian leaders are released.

Casualty-Free Day For Britain

LONDON, Dec. 23: For the first time in many days no casualties were reported in to-day's official announcement of German air activity against Southern England during the 24-hours ended dawn. The Communique only said that a damage was caused. —Reuter.

Broederbond Members Asked To Resign

PRETORIA, Dec. 22.

Members of 'Broederbond' (Union of Brothers) South African Secret Society, must resign from the organization formally and in writing before the end of the year.

A statement from the Prime Minister's office today recalls that under proclamation of December 15, civil servants and teachers were given 14 days to resign from Broederbond.

Broederbond which denies ever having favoured the national socialist system for South Africa has an estimated membership of 2,500, mostly teachers and civil servants.—Reuter.

DURBAN, Dec. 22.

Senator Clarkson, Minister of Interior in a statement today on his return from Pretoria said that the Indian Judicial Commission would continue its sittings despite the fact that Kajee and Naidoo had resigned from it.—Reuter.

THE *Bombay Chronicle* WEEKLY WISHES ALL ITS CHRISTIAN READERS A MERRY CHRISTMAS

In Burma

ALLIES OCCUPY TIGYIANG

KANDY, Dec. 23.

The S.E.A.C. 'communique' today reported: "NORTHERN COMBAT AREA: The Thirty-sixth British Division yesterday occupied Tigyiang on the Irrawaddy river, 42 river miles south of Katha. Chinese troops cut the Bhamo-Namkham Road at the 52nd mile.

FIFTEENTH INDIAN CORPS FRONT: British troops have occupied Kwazon village at the junction of the Kalapanzin and Mayu rivers. Indian troops have occupied a feature approximately one mile north of Indin on a coastal strip.

FOURTEENTH ARMY FRONT: Progress continues along the Shwegyin-Yeu Road."

The whole North Burma "Railway Corridor" has been cleared by the British Thirty-sixth Division.

Tigyiang is about 30 miles south of the Irrawaddy town Katha which was recently occupied by the Thirty-sixth Division.

AMERICAN PROGRESS IN LEYTE

PHILIPPINES, Dec. 23: MacArthur's Headquarters: The 77th Division is moving into north-western Leyte, according to a 'communique' issued here.

Palompon on the north-west coast of Leyte is under our artillery fire.

On Mindoro Japanese air reaction is slackening off.

A small Japanese convoy was attacked in the Banda Sea by Dutch heavy bombers who sank one freighter and damaged the second.

PAPER FOR JAPS

Planes of the Far Eastern Air Force and guns on Leyte itself have distributed the first number of the American two-page weekly "News of the week" into Japanese occupied territory. The paper is printed in Japanese and contains straight news and pictures.—Reuter.

LONE 'SUPER-FORT' RAIDS TOKIO VICINITY

NEW YORK, Dec. 23: A Tokio broadcast heard here today said that a single 'Super-Fort' dropped bombs "deep into Tokyo vicinity" at dawn today.—Reuter.

CANADIANS REACH SENIO RIVER IN ITALY

Allied Mediterranean Hq., Dec. 23: To-day's Communique states: North-west of Bagnacavallo Canadian troops of the 8th Army are meeting strong resistance from the westbank of the Senio, which river they have reached on a front of more than five miles. North of Faenza troops of the 8th Army continue to make steady progress in their drive between the Lamone and Senio rivers. South of Bologna American troops of the Fifth Army have made local gains near Monte Belmonte.

Syed Mahmud For Bombay

BANGALORE, Dec. 23: Dr. Syed Mahmud will be leaving for Bombay on December 25. He will spend a day or two at Hyderabad. In Bombay he will undergo treatment for tooth trouble.—A. P.

ORISSA EX-MINISTER RELEASED

CUTTACK, Dec. 23: Mr. Nityananda Kanungo, ex-Minister of Orissa was released unconditionally from the Cuttack Jail last night.—A. P.

NAZI PATROLS ACROSS MAAS

Enemy Tanks Reach St. Hubert, Thirty-five Miles From German Frontier

TWENTY-FIRST ARMY GROUP H.Q. Dec. 23: German patrols 30 to 40 strong swarmed across the Maas at more than half a dozen points in daylight yesterday and during the night. The crossings were made in assault boats along the northern stretch of the Maas and at Venlo. They were all "baiting parties" sent to identify Field Marshal Montgomery's positions and to find out his strength engaged. All the patrols were beaten up and suffered casualties and were sent back across the river.

NAZI OFFENSIVE

S.H.A.E.F., PARIS, (Saturday): It is officially stated that German tanks have reached the area of St. Hubert, fifteen miles west of Bastogne. This drive brings them 35 miles from the German frontier. Bastogne itself is surrounded and the Germans control Wiltz.

The German losses have been heavy. Eighty-three tanks and assault guns were knocked out in the Bastogne and Malmedy battles. Prisoners say that the German casualties have been very heavy.

The Allied losses are also serious and a number of units, some as big as battalions, are still cut off.

The Allies still hold firm on the Echternach flank and the northern flank has been stabilised in the Stavelot triangle. The Bastogne-Arlon highway has been cut midway between the two towns and 13 miles to the north-west the enemy has reached the area of La Roche, possession of which is not clear at present. To the north one German spearhead is being contained inside the Malmedy-St. Vith-Stavelot triangle, although the Germans are pressing continually against Malmedy and St. Vith and are pouring troops and armour inside the wedge evidently for a further prodigious effort to burst through.

To-day's Communique from Gen. Eisenhower's Headquarters states:

In the sector east of Saargemund we have occupied Uttweiler.

Further local gains were made in the High Vosges, south of Lapoutroie, where the village of La Chappelle was cleared.

East of Freiburg six enemy aircraft were shot down. Four of our fighters are missing in air operations but the pilot of one is safe. Shortly after dark yesterday evening heavy bombers attacked marshalling yards at Coblenz and Bingen."

Two dogfights raged around Coblenz and Trier with shooting down of 18 Messerschmitt 109s and 'Fockewulf' 190s and 10 probably for a loss of two U. S. planes definitely and three others at present unaccounted for.

55 NAZI PLANES DESTROYED

LONDON, Dec. 23: More than 400 U. S. bombers accompanied by 700 fighters to-day attacked targets on the supply routes of the German counter-offensive. At least 55 German planes were destroyed to-day in air battles over Germany

BR. TANKS GO AT 'ELAS'

Call For Reinforcement From EDES Commander

(From Reuter's special correspondent)

ATHENS, Dec. 23.

British tanks all through the night and today continue to pound ELAS positions in the northern part of Athens. Occasional machine-gun and mortar fire was also heard during the night.

Allied Mediterranean communique says: This morning early our troops, landed on the north side of Piraeus and from the vicinity of one side, have made good progress against the insurgent forces."

Full-scale hostilities have now broken out in the Epirus area where ELAS forces have penetrated between 15 and 20 miles into Edes territory, where they are threatening the town of Yannina

GEN. ZERVAS ASKS FOR HELP

Reports received in Athens today from the British liaison officers at the headquarters of Gen. Zervas, Commander-in-Chief of the Edes forces, say that Elas have bypassed Yannina, capturing the tiny mountain village of Gremmeno, west of Yannina. Gen. Zervas himself reported that the situation at Yannina to be "very serious." Gen. Zervas, whose total forces number 12,000 is reported to be resisting but it is likely that he will be compelled to fall back into the mountainous area south-east of Yannina. The fighting which began early on Friday continued throughout Friday night and into today. ELAS forces are using two Divisions of 6,000 men each in the Yannina area out of a total of between 15 and 20 thousand troops which were concentrated for attack against Edes territory.

"ELAS" TAKE ARTA

Simultaneously with the attack towards Yannina, ELAS launched an asault against the mountain town of Arta of southern edge of EDES territory and according to unconfirmed reports have already taken the town.

Gen. Zervas has asked Gen. Scobie for reinforcements and air support but none has been sent. The decision whether or not to give military support to Gen. Zervas is expected to be taken in Athens today.

ELAS ACCEPT GEN. SCOBIE'S TERMS?

The ELAS leaders' reply was delivered to General Scobie at eight o'clock on Friday night.

The text of the reply has not yet been officially disclosed.

The reply of the King of Greece to Government's memorandum on the question of the appointment of a Regent has reached Athens, but the contents are not divulged.

Surat Teachers On Fast Again

SURAT, Dec. 23: Four hundred teachers of Primary Schools of Surat town, including 100 women teachers, went on a 48-hour fast this evening demanding higher pay and dearness allowance. This is their second fast on this issue, the first being a 24-hour fast on December 3.—A.P.

8 Destitutes Die In Calcutta

CALCUTTA, Dec. 23: There were eight deaths and 18 admissions of sick destitutes in Calcutta hospitals yesterday.

SOVIET POISED FOR BIG WINTER OFFENSIVE

Russians Attack Budapest From All Sides

LONDON, Dec. 23: The German overseas news agency today quoted a German military spokesman for a report that Russians with strong armoured support launched an extensive attack on Budapest from all sides. The spokesman said that the attackers forced several breaches in the sector of Szekesfehervar. "German and Hungarian attacks to eliminate these points of penetration are under way," he added.

NAZIS IN RETREAT

MOSCOW, Dec. 23: From Reuter's special correspondent: Germans in the great battle north-east of Budapest are in retreat with the Russians battering behind them. Frontline despatches quoted by the "Red Star" say that the Germans have been forced into this retreat and that Marshal Malinovsky's pursuing forces are "hiting them harder all the time"

REDS TO STORM LUCENEC

Russian troops are preparing to storm Lucenec important communications centre about 7 1/2 miles inside the border of Slovakia.

STAGE SET FOR RED OFFENSIVE

Berlin war reports on Friday indicate that the 740-mile Eastern Front is now steadily swinging into motion with the northern and southern wings already under way.

ROME NOT YET RID OF FASCISTS

ROME, Dec. 23: Fascist leaflets were shoved into stalls in the fashionable Bernini Cinema Palace last night. This is the most daring Fascist propaganda demonstration since Rome's liberation.—Reuter.

Entry Into Berlin Alone Will Halt Red Army

MOSCOW (Saturday): From Reuter's special correspondent: The fiercest battles of 3-1/2 years of war on the east front will soon flare up—almost certainly by the first weeks of the new year. They will only be halted by spring mud—or the Red Army's entry into Berlin. Marshal Stalin's armour is rolling forward against the big grouping jammed in the "hump" of Latvia between Libau, Tukkam and the Baltic. The Russians estimate that Thirty German Divisions are edged between the sea and the iron ring of Soviet tanks and guns which slips through from Riga to the coast within a few miles of East Prussia.

FORMER PREFECT OF VICHY POLICE TO DIE

PARIS, Dec. 22.

Angelo Chiappe former Prefect of Police in Vichy was sentenced to death to-day on charges of treason and collaboration with the enemy.

FRENCH LIBERATION LOAN

PARIS, Dec. 23: The French Finance Minister has announced that 155,000,000,000 francs have been subscribed to the French Liberation Loan to date.—Reuter.

Poet Writes To The Editor

Enclosing Two Lyrics!

By HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA.

Lines To Brelvi

(in verse, being too lazy to write prose)

Nor, Brelvi! do not set out to rehearse
A long-drawn drama of effective curse
Because my contribution is in verse.

You see, I am—(as everybody knows)
Hardly a lover of descriptive prose,
Poetry is my preference. Here it goes,

This envelope, enclosing only two
Lyrics which have but recently come through:
Publish them in your weekly.
Brelvi, do!

Poet

I, Poet, dip my pen
In mine own blood to write my songs for men;
Since every song is but a keen self-giving
To tired life, which now and then
Seems but a drab apology for living.

Out of my own heart's blood
I mould musics echoed from some Far's
Fire-margin aching aye to bridge the mud
With many-wandering stars:
Each line I write cancels the severing line
Between the human and divine.

I do not write only because I can,
I write because I must:
I was begun when Time itself began,
Rose-fire interpreter of humble dust.
The ages take my vision undiscussed,
Truth takes my word on trust:
What God is greater than creative man?

Songless Desert

This earth of me is flowerless dust;
Through rainless days and songless nights
It has become a hardened crust
Under a fierce and naked blaze.

And all within me grows afraid
That it is final doom
And nevermore will any blade
Adorn it, nor a bloom.

God! every inch of me is packed
With agony grown deep and dumb,
And all of me is dried and cracked
For no more do your rain-clouds come
To soak me with a silver shower
Of sweet compassionate rain
That I, your desert-earth, might flower
All over once again.

Let bareness once again be lit
With serpent-lightnings keen and sharp,
And violent thunders burst and split
My earth into a sudden harp
That it might tingle into hues
After so long, so long:
O, may one mighty storm enthuse
My desert into song!

Modern Art And The Church In Britain

Modern art in Britain has not as yet been applied very extensively to religious subjects. Now that so many bombed churches will soon have to be rebuilt, interest is stimulated in the modern trend of sculpture, painting and architecture. One English Bishop has already set up a special church building committee in his diocese. Recent commissions given to contemporary artists for church decoration have included one to Henry Moore for a statue of the Madonna and Child for a church in Northampton. The statue was a gift from the Vicar to celebrate the jubilee of the building of his church. Henry Moore is a leading British sculptor, and his work shows great originality. He studied at the Leeds School of Art and the Royal College of Art, London and afterwards in Italy.
This picture of his statue of the Madonna and Child depicts the Madonna as "any small child would think of its mother, as one large secure and solid background to life."

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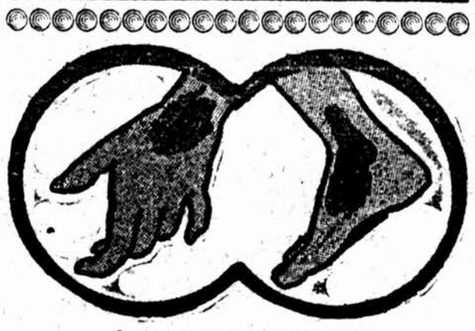

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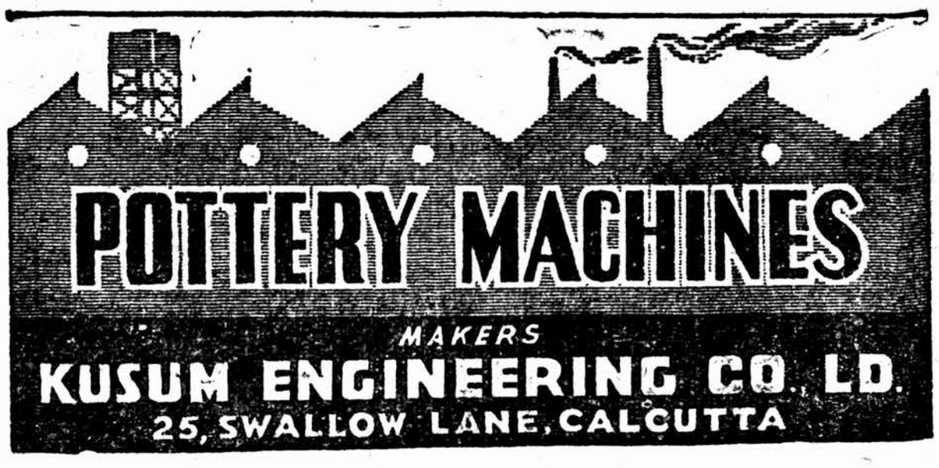

CITY AND SUBURBS

To-day

Hindu: Posh Shud 10, 2001
Muslim: Moharrum 7, 1364
Parsi: Tir 22, 1314
Sunrise: 8-9 a m, Sunset 7-8 p m.
Highide: 7-34, 20-52
Lowtide: 1-08, 14-26

To-day's Engagements

RAHBAR MOHARRUM SERIES: Mr. S. Chadi to speak on Kanood in War, time at 5-30 p m and Sardar Jafferi on Soviet Russia at 6-15 p m at Municipal Marathi School, Near Napoo Building, Opposite Derbi Talkies.

TODAY'S RAMANA JAYANTI PROGRAMME

10 to 11-30 a m Viraja Homam. 6 to 7 p m Bul-bul, Sarangi and Ghatam by Sri. K V Akileswara Iyer and Brother, 8-15 to 7 p m Discourse by Sri A. Parasuram of Manjeri, 9 to 11 p m dance recital by Kumari Sulochana and party from Madras.

FORT STUDENTS CHARKA SANGHA: Spinning Competition open to the Students and also the public at the Office of the Sangha at 96-98, Bora Bazar Street, Fort, today (Sunday) at 9-30 a m. Separate prizes will be awarded to successful competitors in Charka-spinning and Takli-spinning. Sjt. Kakubhai, General Secretary, All India Spg. Association has kindly consented to be the judge.

HIND MUSICAL CIRCLE: Musical entertainment and annual social gathering at Podar Balika Griha, Fanaswadi, today (Sunday) at 5 p m (N S T) under presidentship of Mr. R J Sutaria.

MYSORE ASSOCIATION: Annual general body meeting today (Sunday) at 5 p m in the premises of the Association, Bhaudaji Road, Near King's Circle, Matunga (G. I. P.), Bombay.

INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY OF INDIAN CULTURE OF LAHORE: Holds a special meeting at Cama Oriental Institute Hall, Bombay, today (Sunday) at 3 p m to celebrate the completion of the First Volume of the Great English-Indian Dictionary. Nagindas T Master, Mayor of Bombay, will preside.

INDIAN CONCERT: At King's Circle Garden, Matunga today (Sunday) from 6-0 to 8-0 p m (S T) by Mr. G K Nimkar.

BOMBAY TAMIL SANGAM: Mr Sivaramakrishna Sarma speaks on 'Literature' at 10-15 a m (N S T) today (Sunday) at the South Indian Education Society School Hall, Matunga.

BOMBAY VARNASRAM SWARAJYA SANGHA: A public meeting of the Hindus will be held at Madhav Baug today (Sunday) at 5-15 p m M M Vidyanandji Maharaj presiding.

TELEGRAPH NOTIFICATION

"Restriction against booking next of kin and permit parcels for prisoners of war in Germany imposed wide postal notice issued in circular No. 41 dated 17-10-44 withdrawn with immediate effect. Such parcels may now be accepted for despatch under usual conditions."

Midnight X'mas Mass At Parel

Xmas Day which is commemorated as the Birth Anniversary of Jesus Christ is a principal feast of Christians of all denominations. All possible re-unions take place that day. In order to enable as many Catholics as possible to meet at one congregation the Church of St. Paul at Parel is celebrating a Solemn High Mass at The St. Xavier's College Gymkhana Ground, Parel, at midnight on Xmas Eve. There is accommodation for over 20,000 people, and seats will be provided for 3,000 persons. The Altar is placed in the centre of the spacious ground and lighting and microphone arrangements are so made in order to enable all present to participate in the Service.

The Parish Choir consisting of over hundred voices will render the Music under the direction of Fr. Arxe, S. J. Entrance to the Ground is through the three southern gates which will be opened at 11 p.m.

Kerosene Rationing

A press note issued by the Supply Commissioner, Bombay, states that the value of one kerosene unit for non-lighting purposes in Bombay City and the Bombay Suburban District has been fixed at 4 pints (1/2 gallon) per month for the month of January, 1945 only. During the same month holders of K (H) permits both in the City and the Bombay Suburban District will be entitled to 1 gallon per month.

Late Mr. Abdulla Nakhwa Saheb

(From A Correspondent.)

Mr. Abdulla Nakhwa Saheb Bava Saheb Mullaji, landlord of Jambhari and shipowner of Ratnagiri District expired on Friday last at the age of 95, after a brief illness. He armed 55 sailing ship, (country-craft) which plied on the Malabar Coast.

Sir Alladi Fractures Bone In Car Mishap

MADURA, Dec. 23: Sir Alladi Krishnaswamy Aiyar, ex-Advocate-General, Madras, who had been here in connection with a professional engagement met with a slight accident yesterday resulting in a simple fracture of a thigh bone. He is under treatment here and it is learnt it will take a few days for him to leave Madura.—A.P.

BOY DIES OF PERCAINE POISONING

BOMBAY, Saturday.

At the inquest held yesterday over the death of a school-boy Abdul Rashid (9¼) Dr. Lakhumal Hirandani Resident Medical Officer of the King Edward Memorial Hospital in the course of his evidence before the City Coroner stated that five school children were admitted into the hospital for tonsil operation on November 13.

The operation commenced at 9-15 A.M., when the Ayah of the ward informed him that one of the boys in the course of operation was taken ill. He immediately examined the boy and found him collapsing. When similar symptoms were perceived in another boy, the doctor thought that there was something wrong with the Calcium Lactate powder.

Dr. H. T. Gandhi was called for and Dr. V. V. Jadhav, Assistant Dean was also informed. Dr. Lakhumal then tried to pump out what was administered to both the boys.

On examining the powders, it was found that the powder was different from Calcium Lactate powder as it produced numbness when it was put on the tongue. It was found to be Percaine.

Later the Senior Physician treated the patient for Lumbar punctures and he was removed to the iron Lung. The boy died about 12-45 p.m.

When asked by the Coroner the witness said that he was unable to say who was the person who administered Percane powder among Calcium Lactate powders.

"NO EVIDENCE TO HOLD ANYBODY RESPONSIBLE"

The Coroner's Jury was unanimously of opinion the death of Abdul Rashid Abdul Satar was caused by percaine poisoning

"On the evidence it appears to us that the deceased boy who had been sent to the K. E. M. Hospital for operation of tonsils was administered percaine powder which happened to be in a box supposed to contain only calcium lactate powders which powder had in fact to be administered to the deceased prior to the operation.

But there is nothing before us to enable us to say who could be held responsible for placing Percaine packets in the calcium lactate box" was the verdict recorded at the inquest held at the Bombay City Coroner.

Reforms Commission In Colombo

COLOMBO, Dec. 22.

The Reforms Commission consisting of Lord Soulbury, Chairman, J. F. Rees and F. J. Burrows have arrived.

Trafford Smith of the Colonial Office who is the Secretary of the Commission told the Associated Press that they had a comfortable journey throughout with fine flying weather. The Commissions programme is not yet fixed.—A. P.

TO-DAY ON RADIO

SUNDAY, Dec. 24.

BOMBAY—1.

244 m. (1,231 kc/s)—8-0 a.m. News (H). 8-15 News (E). 8-30 Music Film. 8-50 News (M). 9-0 News (G). 9-10 To-Morrow. 9-15 Lalita Venkatram. 9-45 D. K. Joshi Mangalvedhekar. 10-5 Tarabai Gadagkar. 11-0 AIR Orchestra. 11-20 Razm-I-Karbala. 11-30 Jagannathbuwa Pandharpurkar.

12-15 p.m. Jaltarang Recital. 12-30 Suhasini Dharap. 12-45 News (M). 12-50 News. (G). 12-55 News (H) 1-0 Film Music. 1-30 News (E). 1-40 Lunch Music. 5-0 Tarabai Gadagkar. 5-30 Gujarati Geet. 5-45 Violin Solo. 5-55 Local. 6-0 Lalita Venkatram. 6-30 News (E). 6-40 News (H). 6-45 H. V. Kadlur. 7-0 Karbala Ki Ahmiat (H). 7-10 Dilruba: Bhimpalasi 7-15 Suhasini Dharap. 7-30 Purandardas Bhajan. 7-45 D. K. Joshi Mangalvedhekar: Pakhawaj. 8-0 H. V. Kadlur 8-15 News (M). 8-30 News (G). 8-45 "I was Listening" (E). 9-0 News (H) 9-20 News (E). 9-30 B. B. C. News. 9-45 Promise and Performance (E). 10-0 Christmas Songs. 10-15 Waltzes. 10-45 Christmas Carols.

"URDU, HINDI AND HINDUSTANI"

Dr. Tara Chand's Lecture To-day

Under the auspices of the Anjuman-i-Tarraqui-i-Urdu Bombay, Dr. Tara Chand, Secretary, U. P. Hindustani Academy, and Professor of the Allahabad University, will deliver a lecture on "Urdu, Hindi and Hindustani" at the Anjuman-i-Islam Hall, Hornby Road at 5 pm today (Sunday). Poet Josh Malihabadi will recite some pieces of his great epic poem "Last Word" also. All are invited to attend.

HE AWOKE LOVE IN HER HEART AND FLED AWAY FROM HER LIFE
A TINY BOAT DRIVEN ADRIFT BY LIFE'S ANGRY STORMS
AN IDEAL YOUTH, WHO FOUGHT HER BATTLE AS HIS OWN
THE LIGHT OF EVERY INDIAN HOME—an obedient daughter, an affectionate sister and a faithful wife
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IS IT A BLITZ-OR ONLY A GAMBLE?

A WEEK OF WAR By N. G. Jog

December, 22.

It would be idle to deny that the counter-offensive launched by Marshal Rundstedt on the 16th instant was utterly unexpected. It seems to have come as an ugly surprise even to the Allied High Command.

Of course, theoretically a counter-offensive of sorts has always been on the cards. During the last two weeks, the German defence has perceptibly stiffened and on the southern sectors Marshal Rundstedt has frequently gone on the aggressive. The Germans reacted particularly violently to general Patton's advance over his Saar bridgeheads and the Third Army was compelled to make a number of local if temporary withdrawals. Similar was the case with the French first Army in the Colmar area. General Patch, too, found the going hard once he reached the Siegfried Line proper after his record dash.

All these counter-attacks, however, were essentially of a defensive nature. They had at the most a negative, nuisance value. Nothing was more natural than that the defenders should sally out at intervals from their formidable fortifications and try to dent even if they had no hope to stem, the Allied advance. The terrain and the weather have been both in favour of the Wehrmacht and it has been making excellent use of it.

Rundstedt's Reserves

It was generally believed that Rundstedt's was a strategy of attrition—which suited the Allies perfectly well. The Wehrmacht is suffering from a shortage of man-power, while the Allies have an unlimited supply as much of men as of material at their disposal. Eisenhower was confident of beating Rundstedt at his own game. Moreover, while he was in a position to exert the maximum pressure all along the Western front his opponent had to stretch out his defences as best he could.

Even so, it was common knowledge that Rundstedt was holding back a number of his picked reserves including Panzer divisions. Certain sectors of the Siegfried Line were garrisoned by hastily collected detachments of the newly formed Volkssturm with a thin crush of the regulars. These reserves were, of course, a strategic necessity in order to fight the last and decisive battle of Germany once the West Wall was smashed by the Allies. Rundstedt was expected to throw them into the fray the moment the Allies broke into the Cologne plane.

He has not waited for that eventuality, which in any case would have proved disastrous for him. On the contrary, he has taken the bull by the horns and launched a terrific counter-offensive, which has carried him thirty-five miles into the very heart of the Allied line. It is a bold, even a dazzling stroke, reminiscent of the best blitz of the earlier days of the war. Greatly daring, he has attacked right on the American First Army front—the front from which General Hodges was making a frontal drive towards Cologne.

Full-Fledged Offensive

The daring has been matched with brilliant strategy and flawless execution—so far. In the first place, the very fact that Rundstedt was able to hide his preparations from the watchful eyes of the Allies is itself striking. He is reported to have thrown thirteen to fifteen divisions into the offensive supported by a large number of Big Berthas. The carefully husbanded Luftwaffe has also emerged in force to support the ground troops. The excuse that the Monschau forest afforded cover to this gigantic German concentration is hardly convincing.

Above all, Rundstedt has struck at what has proved to be the weakest and most vulnerable sector of the Allied front. His four main drives were aimed at Echternach, Malmedy, St. Vith and Monschau and they were pressed ahead with the help of paratroops. The main strategic objectives of Rundstedt seem to be Liege and Antwerp in the north, Namur in the centre and Luxembourg and Thionville in the south. This itself provides an indication of the immensely ambitious nature of his plan and of the determination with which it is being pressed. It is not merely a counter-offensive but a full-fledged offensive which seeks to wipe off all Allied gains of the last four months in one sweep.

It is really amazing to note what a soft spot in the Allied line has been laid bare to the furious Nazi onslaught. And this, too, on a front from which General Hodges was launching an offensive across the Roer. The lack of Allied armour on this vital sector is a terrible disillusionment. An eye-witness report from Stavelot reveals the tragic story of American soldiers fighting huge German Tiger Tanks with only rifles and bazookas. From the Monschau forest sector comes the news of large number of American troops cut off and taken prisoner—and shot in cold blood by their captors!

Where Is Allied Armour?

Even if we dismiss the last as an atrocity story, it is evident that the U. S. First Army front has virtually collapsed, whatever brave resistance individual units may be still be offering to the German advance. It passes one's comprehension why such an undeserved doom should have suddenly overtaken a so-long victorious force which was poised for a full-scale attack upon Cologne. The weather may have grounded the Allied air force, but where is Allied armour? Where, indeed?

We are being coolly told that Marshal Rundstedt's counter-offensive may not be halted this week and that its iron columns may yet knock out more American defences reaching still further into Belgium. The aplomb with which S.H.A.E.F. made this admission may be admirable but it is hardly reassuring. It appears to be a tacit confession that the Allied General Staff was perfectly unprepared for this kind of development and that it has been caught on the wrong foot. So much so, indeed, that reorganisation and regrouping will take quite some time yet and meanwhile the situation remains ominously fluid.

It is not only the U. S. First Army sector which has suddenly undergone a drastic change. The repercussions are being felt all along the western front. The Seventh Army, for example, which had penetrated into the first belt of the Siegfried defences has been compelled to withdraw to its original positions. General Patton will also find his style cramped with his northern flank being gradually exposed to the enemy.

Various Theories

Various theories are being advanced regarding the present blitz. The first reaction was, of course, to hail Rundstedt as walking into Eisenhower's parlour. It was only a strategy of desperation! It was believed that the Allies would be able to give short shrift to the German counter-offensive and thus actually hasten the end of the war. But as the blitz began to penetrate deeper and deeper without any serious defence being offered, this facile optimism began to give place to a more sober appraisal of the situation.

A Washington report to the "New York Times" suggested the following possibilities:

"First—Field Marshal General Karl von Rundstedt, uneasy over the recent inactivity of the American First Army and its British and Canadian Allies in that area of the front, may have had reason to fear a new Allied offensive was in the making. By striking a bold blow he may have hoped to disrupt Allied plans.

"Second—The German commander may have been hoping to strike a serious blow against our flank. He also undoubtedly is probing for soft spots through which he may stage a breakthrough at a cost to us.

"Third—There also is the 'slim possibility"—though the sources that suggested it did not put much faith in it—that von Rundstedt might be hoping to achieve a penetration that would carry him to the sea. No one here claims to be capable of reading the German leader's mind but they cannot see how he could be that optimistic.

It should be pointed out, however, that this report was written early this week and since then the situation has been consistently deteriorating. A security black-out has been clamped on the operations and the daily briefing of war correspondent at Supreme Headquarters was cancelled last Wednesday on the fantastic ground that there was no news!

Authentic Hitler Frenzy

German propaganda is naturally cock-a-hoop over the latest developments, which gives it plenty to crow about first time since D-day. According to German prisoners, Hitler has promised Aachen as a Christmas present and Paris on New Year's Eve to troops taking part in the great offensive. The very fact that the Fuerher's name is back into the news is extremely significant.

Indeed, it is generally believed that it was Hitler himself who has planned the present offensive to the smallest detail. It bears the touch of "the authentic Hitler frenzy" and apart from its purely military character, there is a large psychological element in it. It gives a much-needed assurance to the German people that the Fuehrer has not lost his master-touch or his super-human intuition either, and that the Wehrmacht is still in a position to retrieve the situation.

How far Rundstedt's present offensive bears comparison to Ludendorff's last onslaught in 1918? The latter had all the potentialities of success. Nay, it came within an inch of success and the sudden final collapse came as a surprise to the Allies themselves.

Ludendorff Parallel

The dice are certainly loaded far more heavily against Rundstedt than they were against Ludendorff. The Allied supremacy is overwhelming and unquestioned. But in a way, that itself gives some ground of anxiety. Unlike in 1918, everybody has been awaiting an Allied victory for nearly three months. The sudden turn of the tide—however temporary it may prove—is thus naturally disquieting.

How far the latest Nazi blitz blazes away remains to be seen, but once it is stopped and smashed, Rundstedt will have shot his bolt as irretrievably as did Ludendorff. History may thus well repeat itself, even though a few more bad jolts may be still in shore for the Allies.

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Bombay Races

Several Well Backed Horses Oblige At Mahaluxmi

By OUR RACING CORRESPONDENT

Several well backed horses scored at Mahaluxmi when the programme for the eighth day of the winter meeting was run off. The attendance was again on the increase and the popular victories gave the enthusiasts a pleasant time.

Doubles were scored for the Gaekwar of Baroda and the Maharaja of Idar.

The Gaekwar of Baroda's Savoyard won the Doncaster Plate in a thrilling duel with the run away Nuit-de-Noel. Close home, the runners-up, was maintaining a substantial lead and looked like materialising easily but Edgar Britt, who was on the Baroda horse, was not in despair. He urged his mount and moving as fast as a bullet over the last stretch, succeeded in putting a short portion of his head in front at the winning post. Medallion who placed a close third also moved strongly at the end.

Idar's Snowfall who obliged in the first division of the Chowpatty Plate is worthy of note. This speedy colt was early in a bad position. His finishing strides indicate further success in store for him, while Heritage, who hails from the same stable, won the Punjab Plate by ten big lengths. He is likely to turn out a potential stayer and should soon climb up in classification.

Neglected candidates won the two early events in the noon and also in the last event. Chotani's Pom Pom II lived to score in the concluding event from Repartee who resisted greatly but it was timed a fraction of a second late.

As firm favourites scored in the races for the treble pool event, as many as 339 ticket-holders cashed it and each collected Rs. 304-8-0.

The following are the results:—

THE CHOWPATTY PLATE. Division III.—Distance 6 furlongs.

H. H. Maharaja of Baroda's FLOWER OF BARODA, 8-7, Rook 1
Mah. Kumars Udayasinhrao and Khanderao of Baroda's MISS CAMBRIDGE, 8-4, Sibbritt 2
Mr. A. Jasdan's MAHABLESHWAR, 8-7, Burn 3
H. H. Maharani Chimnabai's BHAYA, 8-7, Evans ... 4

Won by short head, short head, 2 lengths.

Time: 1 minute 17 4/5 secs.

Not Run: Kalavati, Titlark.

Tote paid Rs. 128 for win; and Rs. 46, Rs. 16 and Rs. 15 for places.

Winner trained by Rajya Ratna M C. Patel.

Favourites: Mahableshwar and Miss Cambridge.

THE ROCKHAMPTON PLATE.—Distance 1 mile.

Mr Chandra Mohan's A LA GRANDE 8-9 Magansingh 1
Mr F A Irani's COUGAR 8-9 Roberts 2
Mrs. R H Tucker's WINLAD 8-12 Evans 3
Maharaja of Parlakimedi's PRINCE ARIEL 8-13 Sibbritt 4

Not run: Masque and Clitheroe.

Won by 2 1/2 lengths, 1 1/2 lengths, Short Head.

Time: 1 minute 43 1/5 seconds.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 77. Places Rs. 22. Rs. 23 and Rs. 24.

Trainer: A. Mohd.

THE PUNJAB PLATE.—Distance 1 1/2 miles.

Maharaja of Idar's HERITAGE 9-7 Magan Singh 1
Messrs Ibrahim Mahomed and Abdul Husain Ali Akbar's PASSING BELL 9-7 B Khalil 2
Maharaja of Bhavnagar's EMBASSY ROW 8-9 Khade 3
Mr A Fatah's HOT STUFF 7-1 A. Ahmed 4

Not run: Osman Pasha.

Won by 10 lengths, 1/2 lengths, 5 lengths.

Time: 2 minutes 44 1/5 seconds.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 36. Places Rs. 17. Rs. 19 and Rs. 23.

Trainer: Marrable.

THE CHOWPATTY PLATE. Division I.—Distance 6 furlongs.

H H Maharaja of Idar's SNOWFALL 8-7 Brace 1
Nawabzadas Yemin-ul-Mulk and Fakhr-ul-Mulk of Bhopal's ROSEBUD 8-4 Jones 2
Sir Homi Mehta's NAMASTAY 8-7 Virsingh 3
The Raja of Akalkot's A LITTLE SHERRY 8-7 Khade 4

Not run: Monastery.

Won by 2 lengths, 1 1/2 lengths, Short head.

Time: 1 minute 16 seconds.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 20. Places Rs. 12. Rs. 14 and Rs. 14

Trainer: Marrable.

THE KARACHI PLATE.—Distance 1 1/4 miles.

Maharani Chimnabai's ICE BOX 9-1 Evans 1
Mr S A Rashid's PEERLESS 8-0 Burn 2
Mr Diamond's STARAYA-RUSSA 8-4 Kheem Singh 3
Maharani of Kashmir's MAHARAJ 8-12 Jones 4

All ran.

Won by 2 1/2 lengths, 1 length, 1 length.

Time: 2 minutes 12 1/5 seconds.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 30. Places Rs. 13, Rs. 16 and Rs. 22

Trainer: J Thompson.

THE CHOWPATTY PLATE. Division II.—Distance 6 furlongs.

Mr Chandulal J Shah's GUNIAL 8-4 Kheem Singh 1
Messrs B Patel and D K Parker's MAID OF HONOUR 8-4 Raffaele 2
Nawabzadas Yemin-ul-Mulk and Fakhr-ul-Mulk of Bhopal's JAMEELA 8-4 B McQuade 3
Mr Sion F Nessim's LORD BILL 8-7 Evans 4

All ran.

Won by 3/4 length, 2 1/2 lengths, 2 lengths.

Time: 1 minute 18 seconds.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 58. Places Rs. 23, Rs. 29 and Rs. 39.

Trainer: Talib.

THE DONCASTER PLATE.—Distance 7 furlongs.

Maharaja of Baroda's SAVOYARD 8-4 Britt 1
Maharaj Kumar of Morvi's NUIT-DE-NOEL 7-9 Khade 2
Hon Sir Shantidas Askuran's MEDALLION 8-4 Evans 3
Mrs. A L Hutson's FORTUNATE LAD 9-0 Sibbritt 4

Not run: Another Devil.

Won by Short head, Short head, 2 1/2 lengths.

Time: 1 minute 28 2/5 seconds.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 29. Places Rs. 14. Rs. 19 and Rs. 18

Trainer: Rajya-Ratna M C Patel

THE TULSI PLATE.—Distance 1 1/4 miles.

Mr L V Malkani's MR. COLMAN 8-6 Evans 1
Messrs S S Chenoy and S A Poonawalla's SUBHI JAZIRA 8-0 Chavan 2
Mrs. N E D Pandole's QA'ID AL ARAB 7-7 Sibbritt 3
Maharaja of Baroda's CHIEF RULER 10-5 Britt 4

Not run: Guiding Star, Hikmat Pasha and Sukab Ramzi

Won by 2 1/2 lengths, 1 1/2 lengths 2 1/2 lengths.

Time: 2 minutes 21 4/5 seconds.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 21. Places Rs. 12, Rs. 28 and Rs. 23.

Trainer: Buckley.

THE C. H. MALONE PLATE.—Distance 6 furlongs.

Mr Osman Chotani's POM POM II 8-0 Khade 1
Maharani of Kashmir's REPARTEE 9-4 Jones 2
Raja of Akalkot's BLACK MAGIC 8-3 Burn 3
Maharaja of Parlakimedi's CLITHEROE 8-11 Sibbritt 4

Not run: Star of Sirohi.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 115. Places Rs. 25. Rs. 16 and Rs. 27.

Trainer: H Chotani.

MERCHANTS PROTEST AGAINST WHITE FINANCE MEMBER

BOMBAY, Saturday.

The Committee of the Indian Merchants' Chamber have sent a telegram to the Private Secretary to His Excellency the Viceroy, regarding the appointment of a non-Indian as the Finance Member of the Government of India.

"Deploring that although capable Indians are available in the country who could fill the office of Finance Member that opportunity for appointment of an Indian as Finance Member on the retirement of Sir Jeremy Raisman once again ignored and this vital office has again been filled by a non-Indian of universal opposition repeatedly expressed in the country against such a policy. If the first steps to constitute a real National Government in India in the true interests of the country are to be taken and if the faith of the Indians in the "bona fide" of the British Government is to be restored about which reference was made by His Excellency the Viceroy in his recent speech by asking Indians to believe in the efficiency of a faith cure my committee consider it essential that all vital posts such as Home, Finance and War Transport Membership etc., must be filled by capable Indians whenever the existing incumbents vacate their offices. My Committee requests that His Excellency will be yet pleased to appoint a capable Indian as Finance Member of the Government of India" —United Press.

Firm Partner Arrested On Cheating Charge

BOMBAY, Saturday.

Ambalal Chabildas Shah, a partner of the Select Serial Supply Co., was arrested yesterday by the Bombay C. I. D. on a charge of cheating in respect of one lakh of rupees.

MOHAN LALL—A FREE MAN

(From Our Correspondent)

LONDON, Dec. 23

Mr. Mohan Lall, who was the only Indian interned in Britain in June 1940 and was released conditionally in December 1940 is now completely free from all restrictions. The Home Office, this week, intimated Mr. Mohan Lall that the remaining condition that he must report daily to the police has now been cancelled.

Indian Claims In Burma

An appeal to represent to the Government of Burma that the claims for compensation for loss of properties of Indian nationals in Burma be considered duly and an early settlement of these claims be made as soon as Burma is liberated is made by the Burma Indian Association in a memorandum presented to Mr. Jamnadas Mehta, Representative of the Government of India with the Government of Burma to-day.—A.P.

Acting Air Commodore S. H. Vasse's New Job

LONDON, Dec. 22.

The Air Ministry today announced that Acting Air Commodore Gordon Herbert Vasse is to be Senior Air Staff Officer of a group in South-East Asia.—Reuter.

All-Party Delegation For India

(From Our Correspondent)

LONDON, Dec. 23.

The Administrative Committee of the Parliamentary Labour Party met in the House of Commons on Thursday and discussed Mr. Arthur Greenwood's suggestion backed by several other Commoners from all parties for sending out to India a Parliamentary delegation. The Committee favoured a delegation representing all political parties. The consensus of opinion was that such a delegation could play an important role only if Indian public opinion welcomed it. It was felt that the Sapru Committee which represents all shades of opinion in India is an admirable channel to express the opinion whether such delegation should go out to India.

I understand an important member of the Administrative Committee gave the assurance to his colleague that the Empire Parliamentary Association will be glad to sponsor the delegation of this nature.

Mr. Amery is the Chairman of the Empire Parliamentary Association.

STRAIGHT FROM THE TAP

A COPIOUS supply of pure water is an amenity of our civilisation which we take for granted. Cut it off, or even curtail it, and domestic life becomes sadly disorganised. This confidence in our water supplies is a tribute to the excellence of our public services, behind which stand years of unremitting chemical and engineering research. Water in its natural state is often unfit for use, both owing to the presence of disease germs, and frequently to coarser impurities which make it look and taste unpleasant. Thanks to chemical research it is now possible to make water safe to drink by sterilising it with chlorine to kill the germs and by treating it with other chemicals to render it clear and tasteless. Indeed mere traces of chlorine will not only kill disease germs in our drinking water, but destroy other minute organisms which can grow very rapidly and cause infinite trouble in the water systems of Industry. In short the chemist has given the community water that they can drink straight from the tap. He has lessened the dangers of infection in the swimming bath. He has shown how water can be purified for use in Industry so as to improve products and prevent breakdowns in plant. Last, and by no means least, it is largely due to the chemist and the British chemical industry that so high a standard of health prevails in the thousands of stations, hutments and barracks occupied by civilians as well as troops in the armed camp that is India today.

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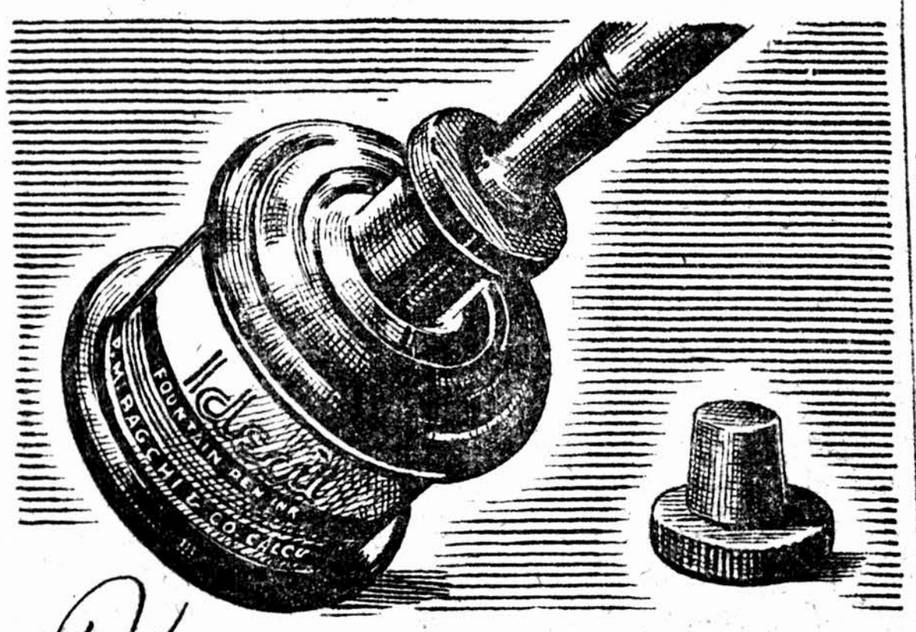

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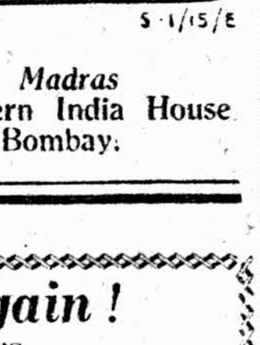

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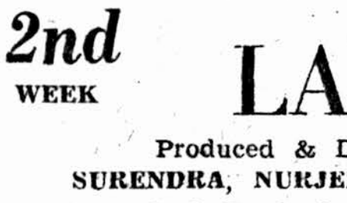

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CITY MARKETS

Share Bazar

BOMBAY, Dec. 23.

The Bombay Share Market remained closed to-day. The market will reopen on 2nd of January, 1945.

Indian Irons were placed at Rs. 40/10 and Bengal Steels Rs. 33/4.

For favour of comparison we give below the year-end quotations of important shares as compared to those of last year.

	1943 CLOSING RATES.	1944 CLOSING RATES.
Dyeing	1970	1907/1
Century	961	850
Nagpur	461	424
Colaba	245	237
Edward	810	825
Finlay	334	322
Gokak	344	322
India United Ordys.	20/7	16
Kohinoor	616	640
New Great	447	430
Morarji	740	705
Podar	410	365
Svadeshi	600	530
Calico	1435	1460
Tata Ordy.	390	468
Tata Defd.	1901/4	2240
Merger	226	248
Howrah	63/8	85
Bank of India	224	192
Central Bank	88/4	84
Baroda Bank	145	140
United Com. Bank	71	87

GOLD & SILVER

There was no trading on the bullion market due to the meeting of the Choksely's to consider the situation arising from the recent price movements.

Gold and Silver were nominally placed at Rs. 73/8 and 133 respectively.

BOMBAY COTTON

The Cotton Market opened quietly steady and prices after losing some ground again firmed upon fresh support.

Trading in I. C. C. March commenced at Rs. 445/8 and the rate after reacting to Rs. 443 recovered to Rs. 446/8.

Closing quotations:—

I C C March	Rs.	446	8	0
I C C May	Rs.	456	8	0

INDIAN STOCK EXCHANGE

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NEW YORK COTTON.
New York, Dec 22.
January 21.79, March 21.94, May 21.87, Middling Spot 22.32.

NEW ORLEANS COTTON.
New York, Dec. 22.
March 21.96, May 21.90. July 21.51, Middling Spot 21.40

NEW YORK COTTON, NOON CALL.
March 21.94, May 21.85, July 21.47.

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JOE HARDSTAFF ON INDIAN CRICKET

By J. C. MAITRA

A very interesting and instructive article from the pen of Joe Hardstaff, England and Notts Cricketer, appeared in a recent issue of the "Free Press Journal". Every Indian Cricketer would do well to read and digest what Hardstaff has to say about Indian Cricket. Apart from being a great Cricketer himself, he has seen Indian Cricketers in action both in England and India and played aganist them too on many occasions since 1930. So his opinion should carry great weight with everybody in this country.

INDIAN CHARACTERISTIC

"What most impressed me", Hardstaff writes, "the first time I watched Indian batsmen in 1932 was their desire and will to hit the ball on every possible occasion. and considering that Notts then boasted of an attack which included Harold Larwood, Voce, Sam and Arthur Staples, it may well be imagined that this determined forcing of the pace left a deep impression on my mind. In the old Traford Test of 1936 this marked determination to make scoring strokes on every possible occasion was still there and appeared to be the main desire of the Indian batsmen. I will not readily forget that occasion. Merchant and Mushtaq Ali came in during the last hour of the day and although my figures may not be quite accurate, they put up something like 90 runs in the last hour before draw of stumps! Next morning they proceeded to raise the total to the highest yet recorded by an Indian opening pair in a Test Match in England. I cannot say whether, at that period in Indian Cricket the batsmen deliberately modelled their play on C. K. Nayudu's batting, but a half-volley was then a half-volley to almost all the batsmen from number one to eleven and opportunities were seldom missed to hook even the ball that was only just short of a length. I remember Vijay Merchant playing this shot particularly well.

DIRECT CONTRAST

"In 1938, when I visited India on tour, he continues, I noticed this spirited tendency was still there and most of the Indian batsmen I played against were still eager to score off anything that was pitched up to them, or was short of a length."

"And now I find, in direct contrast to my previous impressions, that the Indian batsmen are far less aggressive and far less inclined to make scoring strokes. After careful consideration, I came to the conclusion that much of this is due to the type of wickets on which Cricket is played at the Brabourne Stadium."

MENTAL EFFECT

Proceeding further, Hardstaff says, "The wicket on which, for instance, the Europeans were beaten by the Parsees in the Pentangular was one on which a batsman could only blame himself if he got out. I, who am fond of making a variety of strokes, could not help having at the back of my mind that the wicket was really too good and that therefore I had only to wait for the runs and need take no chances whatsoever, as might be the case if I tried scoring strokes. And looking at the featureless play of so many of us who got runs in this Tournament, I feel certain that it is largely due to the mental reaction the batsman must feel—that there is nothng to do but let the ball hit the bat and, occasionally, only, reverse the process. Gul Mahomed, Hazare and Vijay Merchant are all very fine stroke producers. Yet it must be that they find themselves in the same predicament as I found myself—unable to make those strokes which I know that they would easily make on an average English Cricket."

OVER-PREPARATION OF WICKETS.

"For I do now miss that delightful stroke production for which Indian batting has been noted in the past and I repeat that I can not but put this down to the over-preparation of wickets on which the ball will not come through at the height necessary to enable batsmen to make real forcing shots."

From the above observations, it would appear that "it was largely due to their mental reaction"—rather than their inability—that the batsmen refused to hit the ball on every possible occasion. The Brabourne Stadium wickets were, therefore, responsible for their failure.

IBRAHIM'S GREAT KNOCK.

"Coming to temperament." Hardstaff refers to that of K. C. Ibrahim and remarks. "during his great match-winning knock for the Muslims provides an object-lesson and I stress his particular innings it is to show that even when a batsman is weighed down with the sole responsibility of saving his side as Ibrahim then was he should never be afraid of hitting the half-volley, whenever the occasion arises. It is this type of batting that not only saves a side from defeat in the earlier stages, but turns that possible defeat in to victory at a later stage."

"The quick footwork and eye of the Indian batsman has always been a noted characteristic of his play," observes the writer, "and I feel sure that if more stroke producing wickets were prepared, this will herald a natural return of the Indian batsman to his natural game."

I should like to point out here that the Stadium wickets are not a common phenomenon in other parts of the country—and not even in this city. So there should be no difficulty in producing batsmen of the old type even to-day. Why do we not see them then.

CONDITIONS VASTLY DIFFERENT

The cause or causes for this downfall must be sought elsewhere. It must be remembered that most of our batsmen—and bowlers too—practise on wickets far from the paradise presented by the C.C.I. Hardstaff need not have gone farther than the Azad Maidan to find out the truth of this statement. In other parts of the country the wickets are in a far worse state. The natural result of the great fillip given by the Board of Control for Cricket in India and the various provincial associations should have been the production of a vast number of first rate batsmen and bowlers all over the country. That is however not the case. It is quite true that the average standard has gone up considerably and the number of players has vastly increased. But top-notchers are a rare commodity.

RUNNING BETWEEN WICKETS.

Hardstaff then proceeds to say, "I would like to say a word about running between wickets. My old coach, James Ironmonger, taught me that running between the wickets was the first lesson to be learned. I know that Indian batsmen will forgive me for saying that there is much room for improvement in this department. The first run I was always taught should be run very quickly which always provides for another run should the fieldsman fumble or misfield in any manner. Furthermore, each batsman will have to and must develop complete confidence in his partners' call; for, after all, there is almost a run every time one plays the ball, if the batsmen are of the same mind. Imagine the extra runs scored in an hour—apart from the normal runs—if two sharp singles are run every over. How can the game be boring if quick singles are being continually run. Jack Hobbs and Herbert Macliffe were the finest exponents of the Stolen-run, but not once did they run the other out."

FAST BOWLING.

"Coming to Indian bowling," Hardstaff points out, "the first thing that sticks out a mile is the lack of pace bowlers in India, and which is in direct contrast to English cricket, where every country has at least two speed Merchants. Although from a batsman's point of view these wickets are a paradise, is this state of affairs going to induce any budding Indian fast bowler to bowl fast on a wicket that was never designed to give him any help? Again, I feel that it is the wicket problem which is responsible for India not having produced in all these years another really fast bowler since Nissar and Bannerjee. True that there is Sohoni; but in a land of four hundred millions it is indeed strange that more fast bowlers have not been forthcoming. I have seen Banerjee an old friend of mine, put up some very stout-hearted performances on the Brabourne wicket and he has claimed many victims, though how he goes on, on these feather-bed pitches, beats me completely."

TRIBUTE TO AMARSINGH.

"But the point is", he asks, "is the average young cricketer going to imitate the fast bowlers when he can see the great difficulties that await him? Every test side must have at least two genuine fast bowlers and I feel convinced that if the wickets are produced to give fast bowlers any help at all, India can and must find somebody to follow in the footsteps of Nissar and Banerjee. Talking of bowling, I had the good fortune of playing against the late Amarsingh on several occasions and by good fortune I mean that it was indeed an experience to play against a bowler of his type and mint. In 1938, I and others placed him amongst the five greatest bowlers of the world and his untimely death deprived cricket of as great a bowler as the ill-health of Prince Duleepsinhji deprived the world of a great batsman."

(To be concluded next week.)

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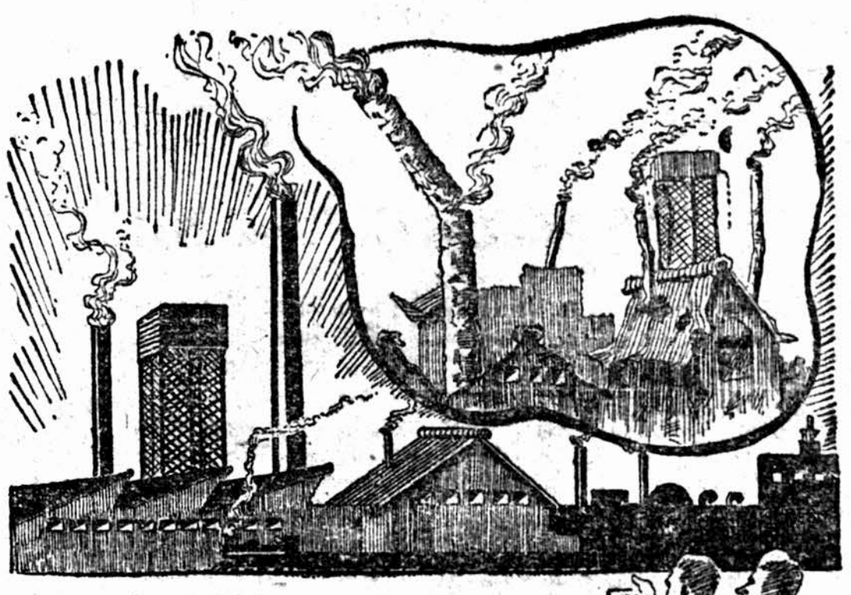

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BHORE COMMITTEE SETS TASK FOR DELHI

India Needs Three Lakh Doctors And Medical College For Every 30 Lakh Persons

NEW DELHI, Dec. 23: The Health Development and Survey Committee of the Government of India has recommended, the "United Press" learns, that a Ministry of Public Health be appointed at the Centre as well as in the Provinces in order to take suitable steps to implement the recommendations of the Committee.

The Committee, it will be recalled, was appointed by the Government of India to suggest measures for improving the conditions of public health in the country. The Committee has finished its enquiry and it is understood, will submit its report shortly.

COLOSSAL SHORTAGE

The Committee, it is further learnt, is of opinion that about three lakh doctors are the minimum for the needs of the country whereas India has at present only 42,000 doctors

Among other things, the Committee is understood to have suggested that for every thirty lakhs of population one medical college be opened in the beginning and all existing hospitals made up-to-date and country-wide measures undertaken to train nurses, midwives and other medical personnel.

The Committee has also suggested a course in preventive medicine be made compulsory for all medical students.

It is learnt that the Committee has not touched the financial side of the scheme and left it to the Government to pool its resources for the betterment of the sanitary and public health conditions in the country. —United Press.

Problems Of Indians Formerly In Burma

JAMNADAS MEHTA STUDYING AS THEIR REPRESENTATIVE

SURAT, Dec. 23

Mr. Jamnadas Mehta, Representative of the Government of India with the Government of Burma, arrived here to-day in connection with the Burma Indian Refugee problem. During his two days' stay here, he will contact various refugee orgagnisations and will discuss problems specially affecing them.

Interviewed by the 'Associated Press', Mr. Jamnadas said "Mine is at present a preparatory task, namely to study and understand the whole problem of Indians in Burma both historically and in the existing circumstances. I am attached to the Government of Burma as the representative of India to watch and promote the interests of over a million Indians who before the invasion were settled in Burma in avocations in life. The bulk of these Indian immigrants were labourers. I have some experience of labour problems in India and I am therefore hoping to be able to tackle their question with greater insight and understanding. Since the invasion of the Japanese about half a million Indians have returned to India.

Asked if the Burmese Government may reject Indian refugees on the plea of regulating their own population as granted by the Commonwealth Conference in 1921, Mr. Jamnadas said, "I have not read any such statement. I presume at the time of the Conference what was decided upon was the right of every self-governing member of the Commonwealth to determine the composition of its own population. This does not mean that over one million Indians can be summarily expropriated from Burma.

"As you will see in spite of the so-called right and in spite of the extremely complicated position in South Africa, the Government of India is able to make its protest effective more or less and to insist that Indians there should be treated fairly.

"This is not at all inconsistent with an amicable solution of the Indian immigration problem in Burma. There is every hope in the negotiations that are now going on that a new agreement will be reached which will be fair and equitable for both countries."

Khuhro's Case Hearing

SUKKUR, Dec. 22.

When the case against Khan Bahadur Khuhro, his brother and three others was resumed today, Mr. Dialmal Lalwani, Defence Counsel, submitted to the court a list of seventeen defence witnesses. Earlier, the cross-examination of Mr. G G Ray, Inspector General of Police was concluded.

Witness did not know whether Khan Sahib Ghulam Akbar, Special Superintendent of Police who arrested Approver Daresh, was a friend of Mr. M. H. Gazder, Sind Minister.

Witness had questioned Khan Bahadur Khuhro after the latter's arrest as he did not consider it fair to question him before it. Witness had contacted Mr. Muhammad Nawaz, brother of Khan Bahadur Khuhro, during his detention. Witness did not propose to turn Mr. Muhammad Nawaz as a witness against his brother.

Witness did not know that the Sind police employed any methods of torture.—A. P.

Ban On Parades In Baroda

(From Our Correspondent)

BARODA, Dec. 22.

No camp or parade shall be held by any political or communal organisation in any place, whether public or private, except with the previous permission in writing, of the District Magistrate. This ban is applied to whole of Baroda State and attached Area.

Shyamaprasad Arrives At Bilaspur

BILASPUR, Dec. 23

Cries of "Hindustan Belongs to Hindus", "Mookerji-ki-Jai", and other Mahasabha Slogans greeted Dr Shyamaprasad Mookerji on his arrival here. He was accompanied by Mr. N. C. Chatterji and about two hundred delegates from Bengal.

The Bilaspur Municipal Committee will be presenting Dr. Mookerji with a civic address.—A. P.

16 To Hang For Sub-Inspector's Murder

CAWNPORE, Dec. 23: Judgment was delivered today by Mr. F. N. Crofts, District and Sessions Judge, in "Bhognipore Sub-Inspector Murder Case" in which 38 persons were prosecuted for alleged rioting and murder of Mr. Iftikhar Ahmad Naqvi, a sub-Inspector, on March 12 last. The Judge sentenced the accused Uma Shanker and 15 other accused to death. Four other accused were awarded transportation for life, while the remaining accused were acquitted.

COLOUR MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION

The following members were elected office-bearers of the Bombay Colour and Chemical Merchants' Association at its annual meeting on Saturday: Mr. Ranchhoddas K. Rangwala, (President), Mr. Nariman M. Dadachanji and Mr. C. D. Mehta, (Vice-Presidents), Mr. Muljibhai Somabhai and Mr. G. M. Desai, (Secretaries) and Mr. Kantilal N. Shah and Mr. Narsidas D. Saiah (Treasurers).

BOMBAY, Saturday: Mr. Basil Dean, Director of National Services Entertainment, has arrived in Bombay 'en route' for Delhi.

Christmas CHEER

ROUND THE GLOBE

Throughout the globe millions of people irrespective of caste and nationality celebrate Christmas as the birthday of the World's greatest prophet Christ. Today in the midst of unprecedented world-wide turmoil Christmas has come again with all its charm and significance. The brave soldiers of the front will embrace their comrades-in-arms with a renewed pledge to bring peace and prosperity to their homes. Men and Women, boys and girls will come out of their heavy war time responsibilities to meet in a party to greet each other with the message of love and friendship. On such an occasion VALLEY - VIEW will keep the party gay and merry.

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U.N.R.R.A. IN BALKANS COMPLETE FLOP

Starved Countries Suspect Political Motive

LONDON, Dec. 23.

From reports appearing in this morning's papers particularly the "News Chronicle", it seems that the U.N.R.R.A. has proved a complete flop in the Balkans upto the present moment; and unless a most drastic reversal of the policy is undertaken it is going to mean an utter failure of the U.N.R.R.A. and complete waste of money for its upkeep, writes the 'United Press of India' correspondent.

According to a report the U.N.R.R.A. in Cairo has two huge buildings filled with departments and sections and administrators and secretaries—bus loads of them pouring out every evening. In the camp just outside the capital are nine or ten teams of voluntary societies, doctors, drivers and trained nurses waiting to go. Some have been waiting for nine months. To this must be added, says the report, thousands of pounds spent monthly on the U.N.R.R.A. salaries for its upkeep.

Yet behind the rocky Dalmatian coastline of Yugoslavia 200,000 people are dying of starvation and cold. Village after village has been destroyed and whole families are rendered homeless.

Bits of stuff and old pieces of leather to patch the sandal are rarer than diamonds.

CAUSE OF TROUBLE

The crux of the matter seems to be that all liberated countries, particularly Yugoslavia, are suspicious of the U.N.R.R.A. intentions. Marshal Tito has refused permission for the U. N. R. R. A. to operate freely in his country and the same is true of Bulgaria. The provisional governments of Enver and Hodja in Albania are suspicious of any and every move of the U. N. R. R. A. as they think that there is a political motive behind.

On the face of it the situation and outlook for the U.N.R.R.A. seems hopeless and perhaps a clear declaration of its aims and aspirations may help in clearing the air and in its functioning again.—United Press.

"U. S. Sympathy For India Is Very Real Thing"

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.

Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit who arrived here on December 9 and will attend the institute of Pacific Relations Conference at Hot Springs next month, today told Reuter: "Interest in India and her problems is widespread in the United States and sympathy and friendship in many American hearts is a very real thing.

It is good that India should have this understanding, but we must not forget that ultimately it is our own efforts which will help towards a future shared by all peoples on terms of justice and equality.

Coming as I do from a land full of shadows, it is difficult to adjust myself to the free atmosphere of the new world and realise that the four freedoms we read about in India may really be translated into the lives of the common people. I send greetings to my colleagues at home."

Mrs. Pandit expects to stay in the United States about six months.

I. L. P. Censures Govt.

GLASGOW, Dec. 23: The Independent Labour Party Executive declared: "The events in Greece has destroyed the illusion that the British Government was fighting the war for Democracy."—Reuter.

Indo-American Cotton Barter

(From Our Correspondent)

NEW DELHI, Dec. 23:

Sixty thousand bales of California cotton of long staple may be sold in India in exchange for 50,000 bales of blanket cotton, I learn. Ten thousand bales from Peru of long staple cotton are being imported.

College Of Physicians And Surgeons Of Bombay

"As there were only three candidates viz., Sir Mangaldas Mehta, Kt, O B E, Mr. Socrates Noronha, M B E, and Mr. H V Tilak, for the forthcoming annual election for three members of the Council of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Bombay, they were declared elected, and consequently no meeting of the Fellows of the College will take place on the 12th January 1945, as previously notified."

SANGLI LIFTS BAN ON MEETINGS

SANGLI, Dec 23: A Sangli State notification says that the previous notification dated August 11, 1942 requiring the previous permission of the District Magistrate for holding public processions and meetings etc is withdrawn.—A. P.

BOMBAY HOTEL KEEPERS

City hotel keepers are informed by the Secretary of their Association that the ban on the sale, service and preparation of poultry dishes in hotels will apply on every Tuesday and Friday instead of every Monday and Friday for two weeks, beginning from 24th December 44 and ending on 6th January 45. Thereafter the ban will apply on every Monday and Friday as usual.

HANSA MEHTA—NATIONALIST & FEMINIST

A Close-Up Of The President-Elect Of The All-India Women's Conference

By Chitra Naik

CLOSED, single-paned windows letting in a mild, variegated light, walls lined with closely-packed book-cases, an atmosphere of cosiness,—these are my impressions of the parlour where Mrs. Hansa Mehta talked to me about herself with charm but with restraint, pleasantly frank but not too free with her words, serious yet wearing a delightful smile which would set at ease even a perfect stranger talking to her.

As the president-elect of the All-India Women's Conference she steps into the sandals of Shrimati Kamaladevi who in her term of office proved herself an astute helmswoman by steering the Conference clear of troubled political waters, contriving to make it retain its non-party, non-political character. "We are all endeavouring to preserve that character," declared Mrs. Hansa Mehta, "though I must admit that we cannot keep politics altogether away from it. But we are all agreed on one point—that we are nationalists, that we want to see India free for no woman can hope to emancipate herself completely unless she be a citizen of a nation which is politically emancipated."

College-Days

Polished, low-voiced Hansaben was a student of the Baroda College in days when it was considered unorthodox for girls to receive higher education, which was held to be the preserve of boys only. She was one of the three girls in a class of three hundred—one of the other two being her sister Mrs. Jayashree Raiji. Young Hansa had already shown her mettle by bagging the Chatfield Prize at the Matric, and encouraged by her father Sir Manubhai Mehta read seriously—read not only for the sake of passing examinations but made reading her hobby. Being a spirited young girl, she did not confine herself merely to her books. She took part in sports, played games and took keen pleasure in riding.

It was a childhood dream of hers that when she grew up she would go abroad, travel far and wide and see as much as she could of the New and the Old world. The dream was realized when in 1919 she sailed for England. It was the year of the Treaty of Versailles, of the Montague-Chelmsford Reforms. And as she stepped into England she had the good fortune to meet leaders whose names adorn the history of India—Lokmanya Tilak, Lala Lajpatrai, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu.

In the University of London she studied journalism and on her return to India in 1921 edited, in conjunction with Prof. K. T. Shah, a Gujarati weekly called "Hindustan" till she went to America in 1923. It is a pity she only touched the fringe of journalism and then forsook it.

Her eight months' sojourn in America was to her an education in itself. She thinks that her contact with American women widened her outlook on life, and to that influence she traces the present catholicity of her views. The educated American women particularly struck her as having real culture which lent a refreshing breadth to their vision. They were very sympathetic to their Indian visitor and by their abundant hospitality made her stay in America a memory to be cherished. During her stay there Hansaben attended several conferences, among which the most important was the first world conference on Education in San Francisco.

The Marriage That Was Sacrilege!

Soon after her return from America she married Dr. Jivraj Mehta, then Chief Medical Officer in Baroda. The marriage caused an uproar in the family—especially among relatives on her mother's side for Hindu Society then considered it sacrilegious—not that the orthodox do not consider it so even today—for a Brahmin girl to marry a Vaishya—to contract an "anuloma" marriage and defy the tenets laid down by time-honoured custom. But soon the storm subsided. In 1925 Dr. Jivraj was appointed Dean of the G. S. Medical College and together with his wife came down to stay in Bombay.

In 1927 Mrs. Mehta became a member of the Bombay Municipal Schools Committee and a year later was made a Justice of the Peace. The same year she attended as a delegate the Congress session in Poona, and also started the work of organizing the Bombay branch of the All-India Women's Conference. Three years later, the storm which was gathering fast in India's political skies since the Simon Commission's setting foot inside the Gateway of India burst out in the form of the Civil Disobedience movement. The Congress called for renunciation of titles and Mrs. Mehta resigned her J. P. She plunged into the movement, was arrested and kept behind the bars for three months.

In 1931 Gandhiji was released and the first Round Table Conference was held in London. Mrs. Mehta got an opportunity to revisit England. The next year she again offered Satyagraha. Dr. Jivraj too did not keep himself away from the movement and both of them were soon arrested. She was set free only after six months but he had to suffer incarceration for two long years.

A confirmed Congresswoman now, Mrs. Mehta was elected in 1937 to the Bombay Legislative Council from the General Constituency, when the Congress decided on assumption of office in the provincial legislatures. She proved herself an efficient Parliamentary Secretary and the memories of her work in the Ministry are very pleasant to her. "We were just like a happy family" she says, "all working in unison and in full co-operation." In 1939 Britain declared war on Germany, and the Congress ministries resigned. In 1940 Mrs. Mehta offered individual Satyagraha and was imprisoned for five months.

Policy As President Of A. I. W. C.

As President of the All-India Women's Conference, she stresses the need of equality between men and women. She feels impelled by a desire to bring awakening to the average Indian woman, to make her conscious of her own rights and capabilities. She would work, to quote her own words, "to bring out as many women as possible and to make them take more interest in their own problems, in the problems of the nation, in life itself." Accordingly, she will help the Conference to open up more branches, enlist more members, and extend its activities to small provincial towns and villages.

She is confident that the Indian woman will soon acquire a status equal to that of the women of other countries, who have already emancipated themselves. It is her conviction that "the Indian woman is in no way inferior to women of other nations, given the same opportunity and education." The various women's conferences she attended abroad, especially the first Women's International Conference at Geneva, have only strengthened this belief of hers.

When she is tired of her various activities she runs to her books for refuge. But she has as much love for places as for books. Her visit to Ajanta and Ellora is a lasting memory to her. She has genuine appreciation for the beautiful English countryside. But most of all Rome overwhelmed her with its ancient grandeur, with the classic majesty of its monuments. Her taste is essentially for the classics. She enjoys Sanskrit poetry and drama and her favourite book is "the Uttar Ramacharit" which she has read over and over again.

She likes Shakespeare and when she was in jail in 1940 she translated 'Hamlet' in Gujarati—in blank verse. She has always liked writing storybooks for children and has also attempted some plays. Among the modern English writers she likes Shaw. But to our modernists and progressives she offers a rebuke. "Their writings are very ephemeral", she says: "They write about topical things. Theirs are not books for all time." Well, Progressives better sit up and take the challenge!

MRS. HANSA MEHTA

ART NOTES AND COMMENTS

(Continued from page 17)

industrial policy, and the same should be the obligation of the industrialists and the Government. Slum-prevention will demand a departure from the industrial policy hitherto pursued by the Government.

Folk-Songs Of India

The explanatory note on the series "Folk-Songs of India" issued by the Public Relations Officer, All-India Radio, is rather surprising. Like the article on the same subject which appeared in the "Listener" of October 22, it avoids clarification of the important issue regarding the efforts made by the radio-authorities to secure the village musicians to broadcast their own music. But, on the contrary, it makes a curious observation "folk songs can be presented from one or two angles—the historical and the artistic. A tune may be valuable in the one case and valueless in the other."

Folk songs, according to the note, are poor in musical values "if presented as they are actually sung—without musical embellishment" and "would interest only the research student". The note then adds "particular care has, therefore, been taken by A.I.R. not to conceive these programmes from a purely research angle—over-estimating the importance of sheer authenticity". The radio-authorities ought to know that folk-music derives its beauty and vitality from its naivette and naturalness and not from artificial embellishment. Will the Public Relations Officer answer these questions? Who are the persons discovered by the authorities to have been competent to shake off the dullness of Folk songs? And who were the artistes who broadcast the embellished editions of the latter?

Helping The Navy

Six months ago she was a school girl—wondering what to do with her life. Now, in her trim white uniform, she is an important young woman in the W.A.C.(I) Naval Wing. Important because she's helping India's Navy—important because she's doing a vital job. The work of a girl employed in this branch is confined to shore duties. India needs the help of her daughters—now!

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In commerce and industry, India is progressing rapidly and it is certain that many well-trained personnel (both men and women) will be needed for civil jobs when conditions return to normal. A W.A.C.(I) training and the experience gained while serving in the corps, will equip many girls with the qualifications and administrative experience necessary for a successful career in civil life.

AAA 1067

Rabindranath Memorial Series

By V. V. Gokhale, Ph. D., & Chou Tafu, Ph. D.

Owing to the progressive discovery and study of a greater Indian literature existing in various languages outside India, the conception of Indian culture has been undergoing a general transformation and attaining a deeper and wider significance.

As an instance, a more genuine interpretation of the history of Indian culture has become one of the important desiderata, in view of the increasing light thrown upon it by the extensive and ramified Sino-Indian literature that has kept developing around the nucleus of the Buddhist thought, ever since the beginning of the Christian era. It is to keep pace with the need thus arising for scientific materials and critical studies, indispensable for a just and true appreciation of the cultural heritage of India, that we propose to launch a new series of publications in the name of the late Dr. Rabindranath Tagore.

Dr. Tagore, the 'Gurudeva' of modern India, was one of the foremost in recognizing the common bond of spiritual relationship between the ancient oriental civilizations, and a pioneer in the task of its revival through the establishment of a new spirit of humanism in the world. In dedicating the new Series to his memory, therefore, we seek to derive inspiration from that aspect of his life-work, which sought to visualize Truth and Beauty through a deep study of the cultural affinities between India and the other oriental countries of civilization.

Besides the vast stores of Indian manuscripts still lying unpublished in the different Libraries all over India and outside and being handled by the different well established Series, e.g. the Bibliotheca Indica, the Bibliotheca Buddhica, etc., at various centres of learning, like Baroda, Benares, Bombay, Calcutta, Harvard, Lahore, Leningrad, Madras, Mysore, Poona, Trivandrum, etc., the present series proposes to edit, translate or study the following materials:

(1) Manuscripts of Indian Buddhist works found at various centres in India and abroad, including especially the Buddhist Sanskrit manuscripts collected by Pandit Rahulabhadra Samkrtyayana and at present deposited with the Bihar Research Society at Patna; further, such new materials as may be expected to arrive from China. Sanskrit works of fundamental importance for the understanding of the Buddhist thought, like the extensive treatise on the Yogacarabhumi by Asanga, and the Madhyamakahrdaya by Bhavya, will be critically edited for the first time, after comparing them with their Chinese and Tibetan versions.

(2) Translated or original Sino-Tibetan texts. Critical studies of Chinese original works, like Shi-king (Book of Songs, English translation by Arthur Walley), and editions of Tibetan Buddhist texts like the version of Vasubandhu's Pancaskandhaka and its commentaries, are under preparation.

(3) Selected representative works of ancient Indian literature, like the Satakatraya of Bhatrhari.

In all its publications, the aim of the Series will be to maintain the highest standards of scientific criticism and scholarship. Steps may be taken to organize a staff of editors, who are experts in the various branches of ancient Indian, Chinese (and Tibetan), Central Asian and Iranian lore, and it will be possible to establish closer co-operation between Indian and Chinese scholars, in particular, for the realization of this objective. A general collaboration of the scholars of the west and the east is also foreseen.

The necessary library facilities for such a special undertaking are already existing at various centres like Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Poona, Santiniketan, where collections of the Chinese and Tibetan canons of Buddhism are available in various editions, along with most of the important Sanskrit, Pali and other source books, required for the investigation and study of this branch of greater Indian literature. Presses like the China Press, Ltd. (Calcutta), etc., can be depended upon to render the necessary technical assistance in the work of printing and publishing the Series in as efficient and fitting a manner as possible.

Spiritual Values

"SEARCHLIGHT": By H. H. Rajji Maharaj, Kitabistan, Allahabad: In this book (pp. 109, Price Rs. 3) which has run into a second edition in the course of a year, the author (who is described as the head of the Radhaswami Satsang) deplores modern humanity "being entrapped in the mightly clutches of enslaving materialism" " In the midst of the great achievements, physical and material science has made man's self remains untouched. "Religion is the science of spirit. Religion is love. Religion knits, and splits not." Bearing these essential qualities in mind, the author urges upon humanity to harmonise the secular with the spiritual and thus maintain harmony between temporal and spiritual life. A thoughtful book on true spiritual values in relation to life on earth.

N. H. P.

Gathas

"GATHA AHUNAVAITI", By Mr. Irach J. S. Taraporewala, Karnatak Printing Press, Bombay. Pp. 109. Rs. 2.

Mr. Taraporewala's lucid exposition of such a subject as "Gathas" cannot too highly be commended. He has rendered a two-fold service to public. Firstly, he has brought the subject within the intellectual reach of the Parsees, and, secondly, being a Zoroastrian himself, he is "not content to be led by Western 'gurus'" who, according to the author, "have somehow lacked the inspiration that should form the chief characteristic" of such translations and therefore has given a new orientation to the subject.

Though literal to the very core, the author has taken good care not to avoid a freer mode of translation into a language whose dignity must also be preserved for its own sake.

That Mr. Taraporewala has taken pains to quote the "gathas" with faultless precision is obvious from the text which appears on the left of the book with borrowed alphabets from the Latin. A deeper exposition of the same subject is yet to come from the same author, and if this little book can be any index of his volumes to come the public can watchfully look forward to their early publication.

R.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

FUTURE OF INDIAN SOLDIER

WINNING THE PEACE: Oxford Pamphlets of Indian Series As. 6.

Thanks to the energy, perseverance and inspiration lent by Gandhiji, we are entering upon the stage of realistic discovery that the village constitutes the vital national interest, and that the village must be given a creative participation in the national revival.

The village should participate because it provides the food of the nation. In this thought-packed pamphlet of 32 pages however, F. L. Brayne is concerned with the contribution that the ex-soldier should make to village uplift. He shows how the ex-soldier, instead of becoming "a red-hot enemy of all Government or a violent and dangerous criminal", "a potential danger to the peace of his country," can be fitted into (more particularly) village life, for the good of the rural community.

Every one may not agree with the author's belief that "the Indian soldier (with his qualities of loyalty, discipline and a high standard of living) is very definitely and obviously going to save his country", or his suggestion that an ex-soldier must never be allowed to forget that he was ever in the Army or to revert entirely to civilian life, and that soldiers should be organised in every town and village; one may protest against the creation of a new caste in caste-ridden India; but none will disagree with the author's long catalogue of the distresses, wants and needs of the peasantry and the urgent need of harnessing the whole machinery of Government to the great objective of rural reconstruction and village uplift.

The author, who is a retired I.C.S., suggests drastic remedies, such as that, "all officials and public servants from the top to the bottom must be specially trained in this work ..... Any leopards who cannot change their spots must be got rid of." As regards the cost and finance, the author demands the return by the Central Government to the the Provinces of all money paid by way of income-tax and import duties on development schemes. "The cost will be a mere bagatelle compared with the results which will accrue in increased happiness and well-being. The alternative is the continuance of needless human suffering and poverty, stagnation and unconstructive and frustrated politics."

N. H. P.

My dear Sisters & Brothers,

Christmas is here and no matter how tragic a state the world is in, no matter how difficult the home problems happen to be, we mothers must strive to keep the little world around up happy and sane, writes Mrs. M. Louise C. Hastings, of New York (U.S.A.). Feeling strongly the spirit of goodwill toward others is one means of preserving this tranquillity. It becomes a means of character growth for all who enjoy it.

There are different ways of doing good in our small corner of the world. One is through services of love. No matter how young the child is little lessons of kindness and helpfulness are always in order. The happiness that results is its own reward.

We who are parents give of ourselves in spite of ourselves every day of our lives, yet little folks must have special experiences along these lines, otherwise our sacrifices may increase their selfishness and mean for them "me, myself, first, last and always," which when developed is a difficult attitude of mind to change.

It is a simple thing during the Christmas season to teach the joys of thinking of others. When even the tiny children make trimmings for the Christmas Tree they can be made to understand that they are serving others. But the preferences of different members of the family must be considered in order that this consciousness may be reached: Mothers should allow the children to share in trimming the Tree. There is happiness for the adults, it is true, in seeing the surprise and hearing the exclamations when the Tree they have trimmed is first seen, but sharing is the keynote of "home togetherness". Children who do not share in this way miss something beautiful.

* * *

The following poem "Wake Up India" has been sent by Ashok (or Suresh) Patel (? Years), of Khetwadi:—

People are perishing,
Blood is flowing;
Want is reigning,
But India is sleeping!

Cities are falling,
Palaces are crashing;
Bombs are dropping.
But India is sleeping!

Ships are sinking,
Aeroplanes are raining,
Tanks are hurrying,
But India is sleeping!

Youth is withering,
Troubles are blooming;
Comfort is vanishing,
Should India be sleeping?

* * *

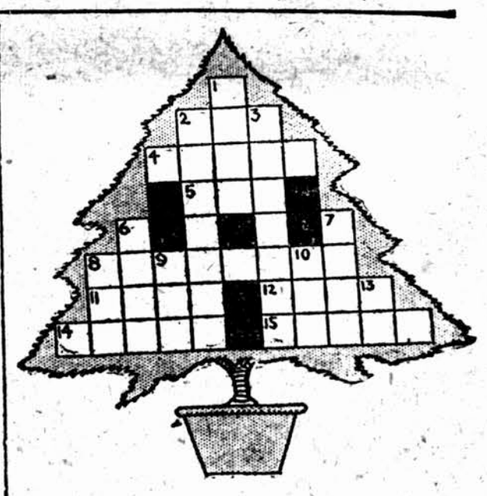
Sister Mary Mody (7 years), of Chowpatty, has sent the following thumbnail essay on "Dog":—

There are many kinds of dogs; Bulldogs, Policedogs, Colliedogs, Eskimodogs, St. Bernand dogs, etc. Dogs are useful animals. They watch our homes. Some dogs look after sheep. Some carry messages. Some help the police. Some pull the sledges. Some dogs are beautiful, and some are ugly, but all are faithful. Dogs love their masters. We must take care of our dogs. And we must give them plenty of food.

* * *

Give your chum a pencil and paper and ask him to find the answer to this puzzle.

WHAT IS WRONG IN THIS PICTURE?
(The man's reflection should be seen in the water!)



CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD

CLUES ACROSS: 2. By means of. 4. A feast, such as we have at Christmas. 5. Priest whom Samuel served. 8. Christmas-time. 11. Poetical name for Ireland. 12. Another name for Christmas. 14. A confection. 15. On this Daddy sharpens his razor.

CLUES DOWN: 1. Ingredient of the pudding. 2. A gift. 3. Another ingredient of the pudding (plural). 6. Remedy. 7. Lord. 8. Evergreen used as decoration at Christmas. 9. Untruth. 10. Mark. 13. Behold.

A man built a shed sixty-four feet by twelve, and divided two-thirds of the entire length into fifteen stalls for his horses.

A friend, who saw the shed, remarked about the small space provided for each horse. How many feet had each horse?

Answer: Four, of course! No horse has more than 4 feet.

*

The December 1944 issue of "Pushpa—The Children's Own Paper" was ready early this week. As usual it contains beautiful pictures and interesting reading matter—Special Christmas articles and stories, besides.

Those who are not its permanent subscribers may get the issue by sending four annas stamps and full name and address to the Manager, "Pushpa", 31 Tribhovan Road, Bombay 4. You are sure to like it!

* * *

Billy (shouting up the chimney): "Father Christmas, please bring me a bicycle!"

Mother: "Hush Billy! Not so loud! Father Christmas isn't deaf!"

Billy: "No but Grandpa is!"

All Good Wishes from
Your Loving Dada
"GULISTAN," KHAR-BOMBAY, 21.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE MATUNGA BALKAN-JI-BARI ON AN EXCURSION

ART NOTES & COMMENTS

BY D. G. VYAS

Film-Industry demands inquiry—Maximum benefit with minimum burden—Cultural interests of people neglected—Wanted Film-planning committee—Miss Shanta Apte's homage to Vishnu Digambar—Slums and industrial policy—Folk-songs on radio.

Just and opportune was the demand made for the appointment of an inquiry committee for the film-industry, by the deputation of the Independent Film Producers' Association which waited upon the Hon. Sir Ardeshir Dalal, Member for Planning and Development, Government of India, in Bombay on October 30, and the assurance given by the Hon. Member to go into the question was encouraging. The hopes raised by the assurance have been subsequently frustrated by the statement made by him in the Council of State that the Government intends to appoint shortly a Tariff Committee to determine the modifications in tariffs which will appear to be necessary for the development of Indian industries. The film-industry, since nothing is announced to the contrary, will be treated at par with other industries.

Clash Of Interests

The response of the producers is quick and it is definite as it demands the appointment of a Taxation Committee as an alternative. The Tariff Committee will have no power to recommend anything beyond reduction in the import duties on raw films and other cine-equipments and will not lighten the burden of the producers to the degree desired by them. The Taxation Committee which is suggested by the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association in a letter to the Government will meet the demand of the producers for reduction of the internal levies.

The Committee, whatever its title be, will re-affirm the fact that the producers and the Government are equally cynical in their attitude towards the film and are disinclined to approach the same from the angle of art. Tariff and Taxation both begin with "T", but they make a world of difference from the point of view of those who are affected by them. The producers generally count, in spite of their plausible arguments, the development of the film in the terms of prosperity of their trade. Maximum benefit with minimum burden should, therefore, be their main objective in demanding safeguards and concessions; but their get-rich-quick instinct is not likely to receive the desired stimulus from the Government. The people who are directly and deeply concerned with the film will not find a place in the negotiations for the reduction of the import duties or internal levies.

Case For Inquiry

The film is an industrial concern to the producers. It is a cultural and educational institution to the people and should, on that account, not be ranked with utilitarian industries. It will be a tragedy if the vested interests of the producers are allowed to override the vital interests of the consumers. The film has entered India as a means of entertainment and has yet not proceeded beyond that stage. Exploitation of the masses, which is the worst evil of capitalistic industrialism, is not less rampant in the film-market. Here is not merely a question of expenditure by the people; but it is one of the effect which is deeper, more lasting and not infrequently more pernicious than that of a crude utilitarian article bought for a small sum of money. The effect of the visual arts on the minds of the people is not visible to the eye, but it is felt by keen observers in individual manners, behaviour and social dealings.

The producers have never inquired whether the commodity distributed by them has proved to be beneficial or dangerous to the consumers. There is no official or non-official machinery to collect the statistics in order to ascertain the effects of the average film on the morale of society; but cases will be found in which sexual precociousness on the part of the school-going children and moral turpitude on the part of the adults can be traced to the frequent contacts with the films which are extravagantly erotic in sentiment and, hence, strong in sex-appeal. Art should never stimulate baser emotions and lead to moral aberrations, but the capitalistic industry like the film would know no bounds if it is left uncontrolled and unrestrained.

Since post-war planning has been a pet pre-occupation of the Government and since education has been already replanned on paper, the film which is not a small educational agency, should not be neglected by the post-war planning front of New Delhi. The Tariff or Taxation Committee will aim at the readjustment of taxes and therefore, of the connections between the Government and producers; but what the neglected interests of the people demand is the appointment of a film-planning committee which should explore the possibilities of the development of the film as a medium of education, art and culture and as a means of entertainment. Such a committee will also be competent to deal with the questions of import duties and internal taxes and to listen to other grievances of the producers.

Scope Of Planning

The Film-Planning Committee ought to consider the question of setting up a machinery to study the moral and economic reactions of the films on society and to guide, accordingly, the flow of new productions. Control, especially in the form of restricting the grant of licenses to the resourceful and well-organised companies, will check the growth of mushroom companies and will indirectly raise the standards and quality of productions. Censorship, which at present is mainly political in principle, should concede more freedom to authors and producers and should be tolerant of the passages and situations which are patriotic in sentiment but not subversive in intentions. It should also be extended to literature, history, art and music. The Board of Censors should be in a position to fix definite standards of art, music and literature and should have authority to reject the films which did not conform to their specifications. The film-industry needs, for its development to a higher stage, recognised institutes for the training of technicians, and artistes.

The development of the film as a medium of diffusion of education, art and scientific knowledge is long overdue; and it should be one of the obligations of the Government. The producers are also alive to its necessity, but they are not expected to be benevolent and to embark upon projects which would not at least pay their way. They do not miss to cite, in support of the demand for the expansion of their trade, Soviet Russia and America as the models of film-producing countries, but the main items on their programme for approximating India to their models are concessions and safeguards for their commercial interests. However, it will be worthwhile for the Government to ascertain from them the sacrifices which they are inclined to make in return of the wealth drained by them from the pockets of the masses with their alluring celluloid reels. The Government ought to consider as valuable, the co-operation of the industry in any form.

Country's Requirements

Among the immediate requirements of the country are special productions for workers in fields and factories and educational and entertainment features for school-going children and also theatres for the latter. Faithful representation of India's cultural heritage on the screen is of utmost importance. The film-industry has, of late, been occasionally diving deep in the hoary past and has been picking up and presenting, with the least sense of fidelity, the material which is found useful to itself. Enlightened film-goers have witnessed, with feelings of revulsion, trials and also murders of the authors of some classics. Modification, distortion or mutilation should be out of question in the case of classics like dramas which are finished products—which are, precisely speaking, elaborated from the material collected from other sources.

Classics are creations and not sources of thematic material. They enshrine the genius of their authors and should be represented in their original forms. But the industry is doing just the opposite. It has arrogated to itself the authority which the Boards of Censors are not authorised to challenge. The law of copyright needs an amendment which should vest the copyright of the ancient authors in the State, and the latter should grant permission to capable producers to reproduce classics with guarantees to preserve the integrity and sanctitity of the latter. Faithful filmised versions of the classics are a cultural necessity of the people.

The Government should undertake to produce such versions or get them produced by some film-companies by granting them liberal subsidies and should arrange for the circulation of such reels to the educational and cultural institutions. The Government have organised the "Information Films of India" department which should be retained and utilised as a basis of a bigger and permanent organisation. Such an organisation should undertake the work of production which would be avoided by private enterprise. It should be financed by the Government but should be controlled and directed by a body which should include a good number of non-official experts and should be representative of the technical aspect of film-production and of the industrial, artistic, literary and scientific interests of the country.

A Mural Design by Mr. J. K. Deshpande, student of Sir J. J. School of Art.

Including Theatres

Cine-theatres should not be left out of the scope of planning. They are at present springing up with the rapidity which is characteristic of capitalistic industrialism and are distributed at random. The erection of a theatre in close proximity of fish-market or municipal refuge depot will be a disgusting civic anomaly and should be avoided. Location of the places of entertainment should be governed by some definite principles. Town-planning has been included by the Government in the programme of post-war reconstruction. Logical disposition of cine-theatres in the patterns of cities and towns should, therefore, be an integral part of the schemes of urban and rural planning.

Cine-theatres should be constructed on scientific principles in order to ensure sanitation, ventilation, lighting and, moreover, hygiene of the eyes. They should be beautiful structures and in a country like India with distinctive architectural traditions they should be Indian in designs. Ferry-building should be prohibited by law. Construction and designs of cine-theatres are important factors of film-planning. The film should, from the initial stage of production to the final stage of distribution, be judiciously guided and should be developed to its maximum capacity as a medium of education, art, culture and entertainment, if it is to emerge, in the long run, as a national institution.

Artist's Homage

The All India Music Conference, which met at Allahabad from November 25 to 28, was organised by the Prayag Sangeet Samiti and Gandharva Mahavidyalaya Mandal with the main object of inaugurating the Vishnu Digambar University of Music. It will, thus, go down as a landmark in the history of the music movement. Almost all the prominent musicians of the Vishnu Digambar school from Bombay and elsewhere attended it and were joined by several other musicians of note. The conference proved a great success, because the musicians contributed their best in order to revere the memory of one whose name is held in high esteem by them. The sanctity of Prayag was enhanced by the inauguration of the university—the memorial to a great master and missionary of music. The university has made a good start, because it has a large number of affiliations on its list.

Bombay's contribution to the inauguration of the university is worthy of notice. Among the musicians who represented Bombay there was one who set a fine example of the spirit in which an artist should do honour to another artist; and that artist was Miss Shanta Apte who is reputed to be an able exponent of classical music. She is said to have borne all the expenses of her party and herself—to have refused to accept anything from the Reception Committee. Her sacrifice was her contribution to the noble cause. It is worthy of emulation by those who stick fast to their professional terms even on exceptional occasions on which they should and can afford to be generous.

Miss Shanta Apte reached Allahabad on the last day and took her turn at the appointed time. Inspite of the demand from the audience for film-music, she sang exclusively classical music and paid her homage, through the appropriate medium, to Pandit Vishnu Digambar. An address was presented to her by the Prayag Sangeet Samiti and Gandharva Mahavidyalaya Mandal on November 30. The function was presided over by Dr. Narayan Prasad Ashtana—the Advocate-General to the Government of the United Provinces and had, on its programme, a few leading musicians of Bombay. Miss Shanta Apte deserves the honour, done to her in the form of the presentation of an address and her election to the senate, by the two institutions which organised the conference.

Slum-Prevention

The Memorandum prepared by the office of the Economic Adviser to the Government of India to provide a basis of discussion by the Policy committee on post-war planning mainly deals with the distribution of industries on certain principles. It enunciates a two-fold objective of national policy—a planned development of industrial towns and a more even distribution of industry as between regions in order to secure a balanced development of the country as a whole. Slums are among the items of tremendous social cost which the nation would incur as a consequence of the concentration of industries in the towns which are industrial centres. Planned dispersal of industrial activity is, therefore, advocated in the Memorandum as the starting point of a great deal of social and material improvement in the country.

Industrialisation, even on the principle of dispersal, will not minimise the danger of slums if it proceeds in the track of the current industrial system. The Memorandum pleads for a proper co-ordination between house-building and road-building on the one hand and industrial development on the other, but it makes no suggestions about the prevention of slums. Provision of simple but beautiful quarters and essential social amenities for workers in factories should be a part of the new

(Continued on Page 15)

The LAST PAGE

Conducted by

CHRONICLER

Eve Of Christmas!

This day 1944 years ago, in a humble mud hut in Bethlehem a child was born who was destined to cause one of the greatest revolutions in world history.

This child grew into a humble working man—a carpeter. He was humble and poor but upright, unafraid of tyrants and conquerors and rulers. He was a friend of the down-trodden and the oppressed, opponent of the rich and the powerful. He drove the money-changers, those early capitalists of Palestine, out of the temple and declared that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to pass through the gates of the Kingdom of God. When he spoke thrones shook and tyrants quailed. He died, like most revolutionaries, on a cross!

To-day, 1944 years later the birth of that proletarian revolutionary is once again being celebrated.

But how?

To-night rich men and money-changers will take their bejewelled women to temples of Bacchus where wine will flow and bodies sway to the rhythm of sensuous, barbaric music. To-night church bells will chime and be soon drowned in the tempestuous flood of dance music. To-night exploiters and profiteers and gamblers and profligates of many races and diverse faiths will dine and booze and flirt. To-night there will be kissing under the mistletoe and drunken ribald songs bursting through fumes of whiskey and cigarette smoke.

To-night, on a dozen widely separated battlefronts, bombs will burst and bullets will fly—and men will be killed! Men killed by other men! Men killed by the inhumanity and greed and power-lust that still drives tyrants on the path of world-conquest!

To-night many hungry and homeless men and women will tramp through the night wondering when the Meek shall inherit the earth!

To-night, through the barred windows of many a prison, idealists and dreamers and visionaries will look up at the stars and wonder what day it is, what date what year! They might wonder: what century?

★

News From England?

Remember Margaret Pope, the anti-Imperialist English girl who almost became a 'daughter-in-law of mother India'—but for the grace of the Defence of India Rules which forbade her to marry a political prisoner?

Well, she is back in England now and sends a lot of interesting news in an Air Letter I have just received which deserves to be shared with the readers of the LAST PAGE. So, here it goes (dated London, Nov. 19):—

"You will be wondering what has happened to me. Perhaps by now you have heard I arrived without mishap and have been in London for three weeks now. As soon as I reached St. Pancreas station I went straight across to the Indian Freedom Campaign office and heard from the Secretary there was to be a meeting within a few hours. I waited and attended it. So within a few hours of my arrival I was in the thick of what I came over to do!

I met REGINALD REYNOLDS and ETHEL MANNIN both of whom send greetings to you; Reginald and Ethel have been turning out some excellent pamphlets on the Indian famine. Reginald's latest, however is on British interests in India and finance is being manipulated against India from here—called "THE INDIAN ROPETRICK".

On the 14th we had a meeting in London organised by the Swaraj House organisation. I spoke (on Nehru's birthday) and got a tremendous reception. Fenner Brockway also made a speech and was applauded when he said: "There is not a man in the British Cabinet to-day equal in stature to Jawaharlal Nehru. One of the most disastrous results of our imperialist rule of India is that men of the puny stature of Amery can hold giants like Nehru in their power. With Nehru in jail, a stirring, ringing voice carrying a message of great importance to India, to Asia, to the whole world, is silenced. In these days when the future order of the different countries of the world is at stake, we need his power of foresight and his guidance more than ever before." He also stated that the next year would be decisive politically, for the future of both Britain and India, and called upon all Indians to join with British Socialists in the work to be done before the General Elections in England."

I am writing on India wherever possible and have at present got more offers than I can tackle. Intend to go round speaking at meeting all over the country. Active interest in Indian affairs is wider than I expected—many papers in Fleet Street surprised me by their interest—but there is much hard, slogging work to be done, especially among the working class organisations. The new Common Wealth Party is hundred per cent for Indian independence... it is doing well among certain lower middle class groups and is definitely moving more and more Left. The Communist Party of Britain also wants to fight elections on a joint—Left basis. Much now will depend on the results of Labour Party Conference to be held next month. (Incidentally it was largely due to I.L.P. members that the Indian issue got so much attention at the T.U.C. Conference last month).....

I miss India with all my being; I feel a complete stranger here. But I am convinced I can work more effectively over here and shall stick here as long as that holds good. Afterwards you may certainly expect me back.

P. S. LET INDIA FIGHT FOR FREEDOM and A REPORT TO GANDHIJI (books that Miss Pope was carrying with her to England) were both confiscated at Bombay.

★

Shakespeare But Not Life!

I think the Lovji Cama Dramatic Competition has sufficiently matured to stand a bit of criticism.

I saw a few of the dramatic pieces performed this year and my friend saw the others and we were frankly disappointed. Not that the talent was missing—it WAS there! Not that the pieces were badly performed or produced—on the contrary they were competently performed and lavishly produced. Not that there was no variety in the pieces selected—they ranged from Chekov to Shakespeare to Harindranath Chattopadhyaya! But the one playwright missing was—LIFE!

The Lovji Cama Festival of Drama held in Bombay in the year 1944 could very well have been staged in London or New York or Paris or Rio De Janero or Timbuctoo and in 1934 or 1924 or 1914—and no would notice any difference! It had no relation to the realities of the contemporary world. There were only two exceptions out of nearly 20 plays staged—Mr. Adi Marzban's little piece "We Are The Fallen," so sensitively written, so well-acted, so beautifully-lighted, but altogether a too remote and oblique a slant on the horror and tragedy of China. At any rate the playwright did register awareness of one facet of contemporary reality and to that extent his piece had significance. The other was Harin's "Just Returned from Abroad," boisterous and broad, but frankly one of his weakest plays. The point, however, is that because it touched life at certain familiar spots, it kept the audience continuously interested and roaring with laughter—indeed, the girl who played the England-returned boy brought the house down! What a contrast with the inanities and futilities of local boys and girls trying to talk like millionaires wearing tails and daughters of the British aristocracy and doling out a brand of humour that went out of fashion even in England a long time ago. Imagine even those who wrote their original scripts going to Iliad and Odyssey, Russia and Italy, for inspiration instead of picking drama out of the stream of life that flows by them in India!

In my opinion, the Lovji Cama Competition has been nurtured too much in a hot-house. It lacks the healthy and invigorating contact with a REAL audience—an audience that would applaud the good stuff and boo and hiss the worthless—and not just the relations and friends and friends-of-friends of competitors.

Will the Committee keep these friendly suggestions in mind when planning the next year's 'Festival of Drama'?

★

"...Stars The People"

Early in January begins the Bombay People's Theatre Conference and Drama Festival and I predict it will be a major cultural event of the year and will offer many pleasant surprises.

For some reasons, a lot of people seem to think that all the People Theatre shows are impregnated with propaganda through and through. This is far from being the truth. While an awareness of contemporary issues naturally marks most of the plays staged by the Peoples Theatre, the organisation is equally enthusiastic about the wealth of India's classical dramatic and dance art, as also about the traditions of folk art (dances and songs and drama) which restore our respect for and faith in our people.

All these three aspects, I am assured, will be fully represented in the week-long programmes to be presented on the occasion of the Conference, justifying the motto of the Association: "PEOPLE'S THEATRE STARS THE PEOPLE."

Besides the ambitious ballet, "SPIRIT OF INDIA", there will be a number of folk-dances and other smaller numbers none of which will seek to "propagandize" the audience—except to instil in them a new respect for the grace and beauty that is instinct in the common people of our motherland. Some of these dances were performed at the Students' Conference held last week at the Sunderabai Hall and, in a letter sent to the "Chronicler" this is what D. G. Nadkarni, a student has to say about the programme:—

"Yesterday I attended the cultural programme of the 5th B.S.U. Conference. The People's Theatre performances including the Spirit of the Drum, Ram Leela, etc., were superb. I find that you are the ONLY consistent advocate of the IPTA. It is a pity indeed!.....Recently some people started a National Theatre as a rival to the IPTA saying that the latter was dominated by Communists. Yet if the talent of the IPTA can be judged from yesterday's programme, whatever its enemies may say, the IPTA is INVINCIBLE. I wish the IPTA festival a grand success (and it surely will be!)"

Another item on the People's Theatre repertoire that will surprise its propaganda-obsessed critics is a Gujerati play "MRICHAKATIK," (Toy Cart), the famous romantic legend of Vasantsena and Charudatta, which will demonstrate that I. P. T. A rejects nothing in the cultural heritage of our country.

The Gujerati group has already made a hit with "MA!" but in this play they are expected to go one better specially those two talented youngsters, Anasuya Godiwala and Prabhat Ojha who play Vasantsena and Charudatta respectively.

The Marathi section will present a "tamasha" (village opera) which will show how the IPTA proposes to utilize familiar folk art forms for the interpretation of modern themes. Besides, there will be 'powadas' and ballads.

The Hindustani section is presenting a long play "ZUBAIDAH" (in 4 acts and 14 scenes)—but about this more anon!

The Reception Committee membership of the People's Theatre Conference is closing in a day or two and those who want to participate in its deliberations as well as enjoy a rare collection of plays and dances and songs should hurry up to the IPTA office at the Deodhar School of Indian Music, opposite Opera House. The Conference is being held at the Cowasjee Jehangir Hall and after the strictly limited accommodation is filled up the organisers will be able to enrol not a single more member.

★

Folk-Dances From Mewar

Talking about dramatics, Bombay is soon going to have a spate of them.

First of all there is the programme of Mewari folk dances at the Opera House on the 28th and 29th instant to be performed by a troupe sent to Bombay by Vidya Bhawan of Udaipur, a progressive and nationalist centre of education and culture.

Rajputana and Mewar are renowned for their colourful costumes and traditions of valour and chivalry. The Banjaras and Bheels have preserved their peculiarly fascinating folk-forms of art since times immemorial. Their dances are both virile and spectacular.

It is an excellent opportunity that dance-lovers of Bombay have got and on no account should they miss it.

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Book News

More and more books on China! The same publisher, Messrs. HIND KITABS (267, Hornby Road, Bombay) have just published two—Sir S Radhakrishnan's "INDIA AND CHINA" (Rs. 6) and Professor Daruvala's "CHINA EXODUS" (Rs. 4/8).

Sir Radhakrishnan's book contains the lectures he delivered in China during his brief visit (6th to 21st May, 1944) on a number of cultural and philosophical topics of interest to India and China, as also a thought-provoking "Introduction" summing up his impressions of China and the Chinese. The most striking passage in the book:

> "Nations are to be judged by the dreams in their hearts. The present trials are testing China. Isolation exalts, suffering strengthens, if we do not break under them. As the result of her suffering and endurance, China which has not had the spirit of race superiority or love of domination will emerge as a modern nation co-operating with others on a footing of equality."

Professor Daruvala's book is a friend's somewhat gushing and uncritical tribute to China and its Government. It combines a professor's scholarship with a journalist's eye for topicality and the result is a compendium full of much useful information about war-time China—including even a brief retrospective glimpse of the Chinese revolution led by Dr. Sun Yat Sen. The most striking passage: "The magnificent voluntary trek of fifty million people from the centres of culture and comfort in the east to the backwaters of the sleepy, unknown interior,—forming the GREATEST EXODUS known in history, stands out as the prominent landmark in the present anti-Axis war, exhibiting the democratic will of the people in a real People's War."

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From TIME one learns of the illegal publication of anti-Nazi books that went on during the period of the Nazi occupation in France. Twenty of such volumes collectively known as LES EDITIONS DE MINUIT (Midnight Editions) "were published under the noses of Vichy and Nazi authorities." TIME devotes a column to glorifying (deservedly) these Midnight Editions which are a symbol of the Frenchmen's indomitable spirit of resistance and revolt against tyranny. Time will come when the world will also know and acclaim "Midnight Editions" of books and papers and bulletins published under similar conditions of foreign oppression—in countries other than France!

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Have you read Bernard Shaw's latest "EVERYBODY'S POLITICAL WHAT'S WHAT"? There are those who say the old boy has repeated himself. I think he has been summing up a lifetime provocative thoughts and opinions—so repetition was inevitable!

"But why read Bernard Shaw, Sir," asks my book-seller, "when there are fifty thousand control-free copies of Beverley Nichols' VERDICT ON INDIA at hand?" The information is passed on to those of my readers who want to pay Rs. 9/12 for this brand of literary poison!

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Readers are requested to let the CHRONICLER know if they want the Book NEWS Section to be a permanent feature of the LAST PAGE.

Ethel Mannin Talks Of

Women And Literature

It has a certain significance that when one thinks of women writers one thinks immediately of novelists that is to say the names which spring immediately to mind are all fiction-writers.

This is not to say that they have none of them ever written anything else, but that they are primarily fiction-writers, as opposed to essayists, poets, biographers, journalists. Not since Virginia Woolf has there been any female equivalent of the 'litterateur', and even she is remembered chiefly by her novels. We have no female Aldous Huxleys, Sacheverell Sitwells, Edward Garnetts. Women may occasionally write articles other than for the popular press; they may even collect them into volumes, but they do not produce distinguished essays and 'belles-letters;' we have nothing by a woman for example to put beside Aldous Huxley's 'Music at Night', his 'Do What You Will', his 'Ends and Means;' nothing to compare with Sacheverell Sitwell's writings on baroque art, or his remarkable recent book, 'Miscries and Spendours;' nothing to compare with the literary essays of Edward Garnett.

And leaving the first-rate literary plane we have not even anything by a woman to put beside the entertaining, topical, inside-Europe, in-search-of-history writings of such brilliant journalists as John Gunther and Vincent Sheean; or writers like Douglas Reid and Cedric Bolfrage.

Travel Books

We have a good many travel books written by women, but they are, with two exceptions, singularly undistinguished. The two exceptions are Freya Stark and Ella Maillart, both of whom are to be regarded as bonafide travellers in the real sense—as opposed to those who have merely pottered about Europe in motor-cars, or, if they have gone further afield, to the Near East or the East, have seen to it that they always had good official escort and moved in the aura of Government House. In addition Miss Stark and Miss Maillart happen to be very good writers. Miss Maillart's 'Turkestan Solo.' and Miss Stark's 'Southern Gates of Arabia,' are travel books to set beside anything written by a man in that class of non-fiction writing. We have no mountain books to set beside Frank Smythe's fascinating writings, because we have no women climbers.

We have a certain amount of interesting writing from women on the biographical side—Catherine MacDonald Maclean's life of Hazlitt, 'Born Under Saturn,' and Maicie Ward's life of G. K. Chesterton, are two outstanding recent successes—and we had the late Violet Hunt's book on 'The Wife of Rossetti,' which was very readable if not particularly distinguished.

But we are altogether a little short of distinction amongst women writers—let us admit it—both on the fiction and the non-fiction side, since the death of Virginia Woolf. Let it also be admitted that I personally can't read Virginia Woolf's novels, but in this I am well aware that, as G. K. Chesterton said about his inability to appreciate music, the weight of the evidence is against me. I have read her long essay, 'A Room of One's Own,' with mingled exasperation and approval, and unbounded admiration for her style. When she insists upon the essential difference between the creative power of men and of women, approving this, and asserts that 'so long as you write what you wish to write, that is all that matters', adding that whether it matters for ages or only for hours, nobody can say'. I am entirely with her. But when she insists as throughout this essay she does, that 'intellectual freedom depends upon material things', and that 'it is necessary to have five hundred a year and a room with a look on the door if you are to write fiction or poetry, I am in the most violent disagreement.

Core Of Criticism

And this brings me to the very core of my criticism of modern women writers. I have said that they lack distinction, and this applies to them as much in the fiction field, in which they specialise, as in the non-fiction field in which they make but little showing. There is no woman novelist to put beside Aldous Huxley, Graham Greene, Somerset Maugham, Henry Williamson; no woman short-story writer to compare with A. R. Coppard, Osbert Sitwell, H. E. Bates, Arthur Symons, Liam O'Flaherty. We have Rosamond Lehmann and Elizabeth Bowen, whose novels may be said to 'group' with those of Morgan and H. L. Myars, that is to say over exquisitely written, precious, the characters over-sensitised, so that it all becomes remote from flesh and blood human life, a purely literary, cerebral, performance.

> "British women writers tend to be preoccupied with the problems of the middle class—the world to which they belong not merely socially but psychologically"—This is the verdict of Ethel Mannin, who proudly calls herself the only proletarian woman author in England.

No Proletarian Writers

We have a writer of some distinction in Rebecca West, but she seems not to have produced a novel for some years; we have Arnot Robertson whose work has a subtle quality of 'difference', and we have the Welsh writer, Eiluned Lewis who contrives to be sensitive even exquisite without being precious'—her childhood study, 'Dew on the Grass', is a lovely book, full of tenderness and poetry, and she followed this nine years later with her recent novel 'The Captain's Wife,' which has the same rare quality. John Cowper Powys has described Dorothy Richardson as 'the greatest living woman novelist', and this may be so, but personally I have never been able to read her, any more than I have been able to read the novels of Sylvia Towsend Warner, though I admire her as a short-story writer. I don't know who I regard as our greatest living woman novelist. Possibly Tennyson Jesso—if only for her powerful novel 'A Pin to See the Peepshow" based on the tragic Thompson-Bywaters case. I had also a great admiration for the late Radcliffe Hall's fine novel, 'Adam's Breed,' for which she should be remembered rather than for her over-emotional and to my mind 'Well of Loneliness.'

I have, too, a great respect for Storm Jameson as a novelist, and, in a quite different field, for Rose Macaulay, the satiric wit of whose work is quite unique. No people still remember Stella Benson? It is not so long ago since she died, but the world has moved so fast and so far—and in the wrong direction—since the thirties that it is almost as though she belonged to another era. But 'there' was a writer of distinction. Her novels with this Chinese background were superbly ironically detached, so completely free of that taint of the middle-class which is nothing to do with material things—contrary to Virginia Woolf's contention—but everything to do with 'attitude' of mind. In a word contemporary women writers would have more literary distinction if they were less bourgeoise!

It is very significant that—with the exception of myself, if I may be allowed to say so—we have no proletarian women writers—women writers of proletarian origin, that is to say, identifying themselves with their class, and writing of it, as Walter Greenwood wrote of Lancashire working-class life in his novel, 'Love on the Dole', as James Boden wrote of mining life in his novel. Miner, and as James Hanley writes of the lives of merchant seamen, ashore and afloat, in his stories and novels. There were a number of proletarian male novelists coming to the fore in the thirties, but no women, and there seem to be none on the horizon, unless they are to be found in the ranks of the as yet little-known newcomers, though to date I have not heard of or noticed any. Pamela Hansford Jonson writes of poor people, but they are the Bohemian poor—the poor of the intelligentsia, not ordinary working-class people.. Generally speaking our women writers tend to be preoccupied with the problems of the middle-classes the world to which they themselves belong not merely socially but psychologically. The late E. M. Delafield could write entertainingly of the provincial lady, but neither she nor Elizabeth Bowen, another thoroughly middle-class writer, could do for the middle-classes what Galsworthy did for them in his "Forsyte Saga", that is to say give them that interest and vitality which makes them worth writing about.

One feels that the trouble with most of our women novelists is that they have never come up against 'the grunt and sweat' of life, that they write against that safe social background which Virginia Woolf postulated as a necessity for women writers—though why it should be a necessity for women in particular I cannot imagine! A writer's need, whether man or woman, is to come close to life in all its aspects, to know at first hand the incredible baseness of human beings and the no less incredible fineness—and five hundred a year and a room of one's own shuts the writer away from that essential experience, that raw material for the fabrication of fiction, no less valuable for the contemplative writer—whom Mrs. Woolf preferred—than for the realist writer whom I personally prefer....which is another way of saying that I prefer De Maupassant to Chekhov. But contemplative or realist, it is an article of faith with me that we shall have more women writers of distinction when we have fewer "Lady novelists."

Short Story Writers

Although, as I have said, we have no women short-story writers to put beside the best of the men, we have nevertheless some very good ones, particularly amongst the Celts. Outstandingly amongst the Irish there is Mary Lavin, whose first collection of stories, "Tales from Bective Bridge," won the James Tait Black Memorial Prize, last year. She has all the authentic artists gift for making small things interesting and poignant. I rate her as highly as Michael McLaverty, another Irish new-comer, who writes in the same carefully observed, detailed manner.

Amongst the Welsh there are Margiad Evans and Owyn Jones. There are a whole crop of these younger women writers coming along—one is always coming across their work in the smaller literary magazines such as "Modern Reading", "Penguin Parade", and in the "Welsh Review", and the Dublin literary magazine, "The Bell." Their work is characterised by this detailed observation and newness of expression they represent almost a new school of writers and their work is worth watching because perhaps amongst them are the women writers of real distinction we are waiting for.

(—A. B. B. C. Broadcast).

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were trained in the profession of law reacted differently from Rowland J., who in the words used by Turner L. J. of the Judicial Committee in the Sivgunga case (9 M.I.A. 539 at 601), is 'an unprofessional judge'."..

"Having introduced the technique of likening judges whose opinions differ from his to characters in fiction, Rowland J., will, I am sure, not take it amiss if I say that his manner of criticism of points of law which he does not appreciate makes me wonder whether in him we have not a re-incarnation of that well-known character in fiction—Bumble the beadle—who disliking an interpretation of the law exclaimed: 'The law is—a' ass—a'idiot' (Oliver Twist, Chapter 41)".

Now that the text of the judgment of the Privy Council is available to us, it is clear that they have vindicated the view of Mr. Justice Rowland that the circumstance that other contemporary Ordinances recited that an emergency had arisen might be considered in determining that fact. But though his view has triumphed in the Privy Council his attack on Mr. Justice Sen has not, for it was Mr. Justice Sen who had the last word. Such exchange of courtesies, however, certainly does not contribute to the dignity of high judicial tribunals.

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A Legal Social

A host of legal luminaries invaded the Willingdon Sports Club on the first of this month. The occasion was a tea-party by the ex-Advocate-General of Bombay to the ex-Advocate-General of Madras—by Motilal Setalvad to Sir Alladi Krishnaswami Ayyar. Amongst those present were four of the Judges of our High Court, all the leaders of the Bombay Bar and Sir Alladi's son, now himself a practising lawyer—a distinguished gathering of about forty persons. Sir Alladi who is now sixty-one, retired early this year from the office of Advocate-General of Madras after a long tenure of fifteen years. Sir Alladi is reputed to be a versatile lawyer, equally at home in all branches of law. He has recently made his mark in the Federal Court where he came in contact with a lawyer as brilliant as himself Motilal Setalvad. Sir Alladi is known in Madras for his benevolence, for he has contributed large amounts to charitable institutions and universities. He had come down to Bombay to argue a matter before the Income-Tax Appellate Tribunal. It is a fitting tribute to him that even Sir Jamshedji Kanga, a former Advocate-General of Bombay, who shines at social functions, was present at the tea-party.

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"Pugrees"

We are glad to find that the Government of Bombay has, at last, thought it fit to bring the Bombay Rent Restriction Act, 1939, which protects tenants paying rents under Rs. 80, in a line with the Bombay Rent Act, 1944, which is a war time measure protecting all other tenants, by providng a penalty for extorting premiums and "pugrees." The punishment provided is three years' imprisonment or fine. But there are other respects in which the law under the two Acts must be made uniform. As Mr. Justice Kania pointed out in the Maharaja of Morvi's case, if two tenants of the same building, one paying a rent under Rs. 80 and the other over Rs. 80 were to throw rubbish at the same place in the compound in a way in which it would be a nuisance to the other tenants of the building, in the former case the landlord could, for the purposes of ejectment, go straight to Court, while in the latter case he would have to go first before the Rent Controller. And what an awkward situation would arise if the findings of the Court in the one case and the Controller in the other happen to conflict in respect of the same nuisance at the same place and time!

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White Pants

We heard a very funny story of an incident which occurred several years back. A very eminent member of the Bombay Bar, one of the top-notchers, took one of his devils (as juniors attached to seniors are called), to task for having come to court in silk trousers. "Young man, what is your income at the Bar?" he asked. The poor devil had not yet started earning, though he was to mint money at the Bar later on. "Go home and change into white trousers." Taken unawares by this attack the dumbfounded junior went home, and returned in a pair of white trousers. But even when he flourished later on, he never wore silk trousers in Court again!

* * *

Daylight Robbery

There was an interesting case of daylight robbery in Bombay heard in the Criminal Sessions a fortnight back. A Parsi costing clerk of the National Radio Engineering Co., Ltd. was carrying Rs. 25,950 in a handbag from the head office of his employers in Fort to their workshop at Mahaluxmi in a taxi. He discharged the taxi at the Mahaluxmi Railway Station, and went to the booking clerk to get change for Rs. 100. It was 3-30 in the afternoon. He started walking towards his workshop. Two men on cycles suddenly approached him and tried to snatch away the handbag. He would not let it go, so they pulled out a knife and stabbed him on the hand. Then they ran away with the handbag on their cycles. The Parsi clerk ran after them shouting, so did the crowd, including a policeman. Near the Race Course a military lorry, coming from the opposite direction, noticed the cyclists being chased, and blocked their way. Cornered, the robbers threw the handbag away, left their cycles, and tried to run away into the fields around. One succeeded but the other was captured, and ultimately sentenced to seven years' rigorous imprisonment. But for the timely approach of the military lorry, they would have been rich men today. That this can happen in Bombay in broad daylight, shows how cowardly our public is when it comes to helping a man confronted by armed criminals. Last year a police constable was butchered in the Mahim Fair in the presence of hundreds of spectators, but no one intervened to save him, or to arrest the men after they had done the deed. With great difficulty the culprits in that case were brought to bay, and ultimately hanged.

LAW AND LIFE

(Continued from Page 2)

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'BROOMS' OF THE NAVY

Gun's crew closed up at action stations in H. M. I. S. Bombay, a minesweeper of the R.I.N. An escort vessel equipped for minesweeping and submarine chasing.

Day in, day out, from dawn till dusk, for more than five years minesweepers of the Royal Indian Navy have been on the job keeping clear the approaches to Indian ports.

This arduous, unexciting yet nonetheless vital task has been carried out by scores of H. M. I. ships who have operated in fair weather and foul to ensure that shipping entering or leaving Indian ports shall not be at the mercy of enemy mines.

That this threat is no idle one may be seen by the history of the last war when no fewer than five Allied ships, including two large liners were sunk within a few miles of Bombay harbour as the result of mines laid by the German raider "Wolfe".

Prompt Work

To ensure that this war would see no repetition of such tactics, the Royal Indian Navy was on the alert from the beginning. A large number of merchant ships engaged in coastal traffic were requisitioned and converted to minesweeping with the utmost despatch. From the very day war was declared patrols and escort ships were operating at the approaches to the major ports and within a few weeks flotillas of minesweepers were at work.

As more trawlers and minesweepers came down the slipways both in India and in the United Kingdom, so did the ability of the Navy to cope with this unseen menace increase until now an enemy raider or submarine has small chance of securing any success by attempting to lay mines in the approaches to our ports.

Even the magnetic mine was countered almost as soon as it appeared. "De-gaussing" experts were available in India and within a few weeks they had equipped our ships with the apparatus necessary to neutralise this much-vaunted "secret weapon"—the first of many which the Nazis have put into action, only to find that they were ultimately useless.

Wide Sweep

Not only outside our ports, but much further afield, as far as the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea to the west and the Burma coast to the east, H. M. I. ships have swept the seas to secure the safe passage of ships. One of our minesweepers was lost, being blown up by a mine, while opening the approaches to a port in Italian East Africa during the Red Sea campaign of 1941. But merchant ships were safeguarded and brought their precious supplies safely into harbour.

Minesweeping is a monotonous task, but nonetheless dangerous. From its very nature it is apt to be uneventful and therefore does not find its way into the headlines, but it calls for assiduity and thoroughness.

All day long minesweepers of the Royal Indian Navy steam up and down the "war channels", covering lap after lap, as a man might mow a tennis lawn—except that in the monsoon the "lawn" is a heaving storm—nevagating with unceasing attention so that there should be no gaps in the swept water where a mine may remain uncut, awaiting an unsuspecting ship.

Ninety-nine days cut of a hundred pass without incident, without a single mine detonating in the sweep or without the welcome diversion of one cut loose of its moorings to be exploded by rifle fire. But perfect team work and careful planning, the most important requisites of the successful working of the "brooms" of the Navy, are needed for the job.

These qualities are early inculcated in officers and men of the Royal Indian Navy during their training on shore and afloat. Hundreds of thousands of sea-miles are thus covered in the course of a year, and the mighty commerce of India traverses the high seas, its immunity in the approaches to our ports being due to the vigilance of officers and men of the minesweeping flotillas of the Royal Indian Navy.

H. M. I. S. Bombay streams her minesweeping gear astern.

Sweeping completed, the gear is brought back. The heavy wires are re-wound on their drums and carefully inspected.

Sweeps are put outboard in H. M. I. S. Bombay.

Manning one of the guns of H. M. I. S. Bombay.

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